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The Nation.

April 5, 1980 $1

EDITORIAL

SENDING A MESSAGE

The 1980 primary script is undergoing more changes than a Broadway musical out of town. The pollsters' self-fulfilling prophecies turn out to be unfulfilled, and even the pundits are left behind. On the Democratic side, Carter's early "victories" weren't, we are told, the product of pro-Carter votes at all. They were anti-Teddy's-character votes. Carter was, for all intents and purposes, not merely a noncampaigner but a nonperson. Kennedy's surprise "victories" in Connecticut and New York, on the other hand, say the psephologists, were not so much votes of confidence in Kennedy's character or program as votes *against* Carter—or at least protests against inflation and the hostage impasse.

The exception to all this was the Jewish vote, which was supposed to be neither pro-Kennedy nor anti-Carter but against the Administration's vote on the U.N. resolution—which, it might be said, Carter made an issue by apologizing for it.

Another nugget of journalistic wisdom is that the New York voters were sending the President "a message," although precisely what that message was got garbled in transmission since Republicans in the same state that appeared to be endorsing Kennedy's call for wage and price controls went overwhelmingly for Ronald Reagan and his free-market economics.

Meanwhile, coming up slow on the outside is dark horse John Anderson, who keeps insisting he is a "centrist," thereby winning the momentary devotion of numerous Democratic liberals and leftists. Anderson, who is also praised for his character and independence, proclaimed the week before last, "I am not leading an independent movement." Last week, he said that he was "mulling over" an independent candidacy. "I haven't completed the—what's the word—ratiocination on that," he said. Are you sure the word isn't "rationalization," John?

ITALY IN CRISIS?
Norman Birnbaum

EXCHANGE: FEMINISTS & THE FAMILY
Jean Bethke Elshtain and Dorothy Dinnerstein
Maria Maxfield
Ellen Willis
Katha Pollitt
et aliae

UGANDA IN THE LURCH
Tony Avirgan

C.I.A. GREAT DEBATE
Dale Van Atta

UPSTAGING J.P. STEVENS
Dedra Hauser

SADAT'S CRACKDOWN

REPRESSION ON THE NILE

MARTIN GARBUS

In the days when the Saudis were still giving financial aid to the Egyptians, a joke making the rounds in Cairo suggested that the Saudis merely deposit this money directly into the Swiss bank accounts of the various corrupt officials without a detour through the Egyptian capital. Corruption and mismanagement are as rife in Egypt today as they were then. With a population of forty million, increasing by one million each year, the economic situation is close to hopeless. The Egyptian Government cannot meet the expectations of prosperity that accompanied the Camp David signings without replacing—and augmenting—the money previously received from the other Arab countries. All sides agree that without a comprehensive peace, such a prosperity will be impossible.

That comprehensive peace, however, is still elusive. And now that the May 26 deadline on the West Bank autonomy talks is rapidly approaching, the political pressures on Anwar el-Sadat are mounting. It is Sadat's internal political problems—as well as Jimmy Carter's need for the hoopla of another foreign policy media event—that explain the sudden decision by the Administration to invite Menachem Begin and Sadat to visit Washington, D.C., this month. None of the parties to the Camp David accords can afford to see the peace framework collapse. The weakest link in the Camp David triangle, of course, has always been Egypt. And yet, opposition to both Sadat's personal rule and Camp David is growing among Egyptians. The Shah of Iran's arrival in Egypt last week can only increase Sadat's political isolation—both at home and abroad.

All this is becoming apparent to the Egyp-

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EXCHANGE.

Feminists & the Family (Cont.)

In an article in The Nation *last November, Jean Bethke Elshtain criticized the writings of several prominent radical feminists. Among her complaints were: these writers scorned the family as a viable humane institution; by finding all human relationships political they made politics meaningless; they confused symptoms of family breakdown "with the disease"; they were practicing a "politics of displacement." Her article drew an unusual number of provocative responses, which we have held off publishing until we had sufficient space.* —*The Editors*

"OUT OF CONTEXT"

Newark, N.J.

Jean Elshtain's quotation from *The Mermaid and the Minotaur* in her article "Feminists Against the Family" [*The Nation*, Nov. 17, 1979] is, to begin with, *literally* inaccurate. Between typographic marks that conventionally indicate verbatim excerpts, a blurred condensation of one fragment of my prose is spliced together with somebody's inadequate paraphrasing of another fragment. University professors aren't normally prone to such unscholarly errors. Was this a clerical slip-up of some sort?

What is more disturbing, however, is that the *spirit* in which Elshtain refers to my comments on some recent feminist rhetoric against the family differs profoundly from the spirit—one of unqualified identification with feminism's old and persistent core impulse—in which I made them. They were part of my analysis of the historic situation surrounding the current explosion of that core impulse. This situation has engendered (*a*) female rage of unprecedented depth, the sources of which it is clearly vital to understand, and (*b*) a powerful, constructive surge of female societal concern. Professor Elshtain (*a*) deplores that rage without any reference to its sources, which were very carefully explored in just the passage of *Mermaid* from which she quoted, and (*b*) neither honors nor identifies herself with that constructive societal concern. I want your readers to know how strongly I object to being quoted, out of context and incorrectly, in what could look to them like support of her statement.

Dorothy Dinnerstein

ELSHTAIN REPLIES

Amherst, Mass.

First, because Ms. Dinnerstein charges that she has been quoted in a way that is "literally inaccurate," I shall cite in full the two sentences from which I drew large portions. Dinnerstein states (*The Mermaid and the Minotaur*, page 275):

> What the historic impasse we have reached has done, in other words, is discredit the essential humanizing functions of stable longstanding generation-spanning primary groups, functions that are by tradition women's concern. This may account for the virulent, reckless, reactive quality of much new feminist rhetoric against the biological family, against permanent personal commitments of adults to children ("children's liberation"), indeed against bodily childbearing itself (at just this moment in history, ironically, when the oppressive features of that aspect of our biology have become obsolete, and its pleasures optimally accessible to those who choose them).

Frankly, I cannot understand her complaint. The terms "virulent, reckless, reactive" are hers, not mine. Her contention that the "essential humanizing functions of stable longstanding generation-spanning primary groups"—in other words, family and kin ties—have been discredited and that this puts all of us in a situation of risk as well as possibility is one with which I heartily agree. My point, not hers, is to characterize a politics with ragefulness, as distinct from moral anger, as its motive as a politics of displacement. Dinnerstein may not agree with my political analysis but in that case it is her responsibility to proffer an alternative.

Second, Dinnerstein claims that I neither honor nor identify myself with the "constructive surge of female societal concern." This charge can only arise from a sloppy misreading of my piece. I state unequivocally in the opening paragraphs that much that is "exciting and fruitful" has emerged from feminist ferment concerning the family. I insist that the accomplishments of the movement have occurred on a number of levels and that, as a result of feminist rethinking, "women began to view themselves less as passive recipients of revocable privileges and more as active, responsible human beings." I applaud those feminist analysts who have investigated the contradictory dimensions of contemporary family life in exploratory rather than single-dimensional ways. I condemn a social system that subjects family ties and relations to hideous strains brought on, in great measure, by economic inequality. I urge feminists to confront more fully and completely than they yet have how truly terrible a thoroughgoing system of predatory individualism would be if those "essential humanizing functions" to which Dinnerstein refers were to undergo further erosion. I am saddened that Dinnerstein failed to understand.

Jean Bethke Elshtain

"POLITICS OF FRAGMENTATION"

Fayson Lakes, N.J.

I would like to reply to Jean Bethke Elshtain. As a feminist, as the woman who created and taught the course "Female Sexuality, Power and Identity" at the New School for Social Research in 1973, as the sociologist who pointed out the need for structural changes in my review of Janet Chafetz's *Masculine-Feminine or Human?* in *Contemporary Sociology* in May 1975, and the need for women to struggle for alternative work hours, child care and redistribution of income on a panel with Jessie Bernard during the Eighth World Congress of Sociology in Toronto in 1974, I feel qualified to make this reply.

I wonder whom Elshtain is attacking. Women like Carolyn Downer and Jean and Lolly Hirsch, who—at considerable risk to themselves—taught women new things about their bodies, childbearing and contraception? The women who put together *Our Bodies, Ourselves*? Or women like Pauline Bart who pinpointed the prejudices in standard medical school texts on gynecology and obstetrics? She accuses feminists of a politics of displacement. Is she trying to substitute a politics of fragmentation for the women's movement? Whom does she assume she serves with that? Radical as well as liberal feminists are attacked with the charge that feminist thinkers have done little but condemn the family, the only "sanctuary" appar-

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EDITORIALS.

Cruel, as Usual

William Rummel is an air conditioner repairman. He is also a small-time occasional cheat, though not a very good one. In 1963, when he was 20, he paid $80 for four tires, but with someone else's credit card; in 1969, he forged a check for $28.36 to pay for a motel room; in 1972 he agreed to fix an air conditioner, took $120.75 for it but never did the work. Each time, he was caught and sent to prison. Obviously a nuisance, but hardly a threat to public safety. Texas, however, used to classify all these offenses as felonies—Texas cops who kill Hispanics are treated gently but property is a serious matter—and the prosecutor decided to charge Rummel with being a habitual criminal. He was convicted of fraud in 1974, for not fixing the air conditioner and, at the age of 31, was sentenced to spend the rest of his life in prison. His appeal reached the Supreme Court, which rejected it by a vote of 5 to 4. The majority, led by Justice William H. Rehnquist, said that federalism prevented the Court from finding that a life term for three such petty crimes is barred by the Eighth Amendment as cruel and unusual punishment. The most Pilate-like utterance came from Justice Potter Stewart, who justified his majority-making vote with the disclaimer, "If the Constitution gave me a roving commission to impose upon the criminal courts of Texas my own notions of enlightened policy, I would not join the Court's opinion."

The cruel and unusual punishment clause is indeed the most potentially subjective of all constitutional limitations. But a life sentence in an American prison—and Texas prisons are currently under attack by the Department of Justice for being below the constitutionally tolerable level of decency—is a rarity, usually reserved for murderers, rapists and other very dangerous criminals. Surely no great exercise in subjectivity, no "roving commission," is necessary to rule

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out so awful a penalty for three scattered minor offenses. No violence, threat or weapon was used; Rummel wasn't even a professional criminal or con man but was working as an air conditioner repairman at the time of his third conviction. And Rummel's failure to fulfill his promise in connection with the air conditioner is no longer a felony in Texas. Many courts, including the Supreme Court, have managed to impose some meaningful limits on sentences for crimes much worse than Rummel's, without substituting the judges' merely personal predilections for the legislative judgment.

Some latitude toward local approaches to crime and other matters is obviously necessary. But all too often, federalism is simply a respectable mask put forward to rationalize and hide a less appealing reality. Federalism was the Kennedy Justice Department's excuse for not moving quickly against Southern bigotry and violence in the early 1960s; the department felt no such inhibitions in its efforts to get Jimmy Hoffa. The South used it to defend slavery before 1865 and discrimination afterward. State governors now use it to attack Federal health and safety regulations, though not when they ask for federal dollars.

Habitual-offender statutes that require judges to send convicted felons away for huge prison terms have been consistently condemned as unnecessarily harsh and ineffective, but these laws will almost certainly outlast their critics. Yet, as the dissenters pointed out, only in Texas must a petty offender like William Rummel be given a mandatory life sentence for three such very minor offenses; a very serious two-time offender usually gets a much lighter sentence, even in Texas. One would have thought that preventing such cruel aberrations is just what the Supreme Court and the Eighth Amendment were created to do. But as the Court showed in the Snepp-C.I.A. case (see editorial, "Indecent Haste," *The Nation*, March 8), this is not a good year for the Bill of Rights. What is especially troubling—even more than Mr. Rummel's own sad fate—is that Rehnquist and Company have sent a message to state legislators that they are free to put minor offenders behind bars for cruelly long periods of time and, in the name of federalism, the courts will do nothing about it.

SOUNDING BRASS AWARD

For injecting a sour, penny-pinching Washington anti-intellectualism into scientific inquiry through his Golden Fleece Awards, which have distorted and caricatured numerous research projects over the years; for telling New Yorkers they should take a walk—or a jog—during the subway strike; for gaining personal publicity at the expense of academics and now the taxpayers—i.e., a $124,351 bill for his legal defense in a recent libel suit—we present Senator William Proxmire with our Sounding Brass Award, which includes a commemorative tin cup, symbolizing billions for defense and nickels and dimes for people.

Bishop Romero

In his sermon on Sunday, March 23, San Salvador's Archbishop Oscar Romero made a last impassioned plea. Horrified by what he called the military's "genocide against the Salvadoran people" (by his count, 700 victims since the first of the year), he addressed himself to the soldiers. "You don't have to comply with the orders of your superiors if they oppose God's law. I implore you to cease the repression." Later that day, a military spokesman said Romero was committing a crime by "inciting soldiers to rebel." In the evening, while celebrating a mass, he was shot. The unmasked assassin escaped. No one was found or charged and it is unlikely that anyone will be.

The popular Archbishop was a growing irritant to the military and the far right. During the past year, Romero tirelessly proposed peaceful means to solve the country's political crisis. Last summer he brought together the democratic forces to create the basis for a pluralistic government and included some of the left-wing parties too, insisting any other plan would fail because the left represented the mass popular movement. In October, after progressives in the military named a new Government, Romero begged both left and right to give the new leaders a chance to make the long-sought reforms. By January, with reforms permanently stalled, Romero called for the hard-line defense minister to resign, arguing he was obstructing change. The officers, however, closed ranks and rejected his demands.

Over the next two months, repression intensified. As the death toll mounted, so did Romero's criticism of the Government that either couldn't or wouldn't curb the murders by the security forces and right-wing death squads. And when the United States offered military aid in February, the prelate wrote President Carter to protest, claiming it would be used by an "unscrupulous military" who know only how to repress the people and favor the interests of the Salvadoran oligarchy. "We are fed up with the weapons and bullets," he said in a sermon last October, and called for economic aid "to feed thousands of our people." More recently, he began to discuss the legitimacy of armed struggle as the only real option for the poor.

Culpability for Romero's murder is not hard to place. The Archbishop had received in recent days a growing number of death threats from the far right, and his sympathy for the poor was all too clear; yet in an exercise of obfuscation, the wire services and the TV networks theorized the day after his death that Romero was a victim of left- or right-wing violence, implying that either could have killed him.

The Archbishop himself knew better. Last summer when another priest was killed, he openly condemned the police for the crime. He recently told friends that he feared only the death squads of the right. While Romero acknowledged that guerrilla groups were also guilty of needless violence and preached against such acts, he saved his strongest attacks for the right and he allowed the left-wing groups to take shelter in and freely use his church for their political activities.

On the subject of aid, the United States was unimpressed

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with his pleas. Predictably, the State Department trotted out its "Cuban influence" card stating that it had evidence of Cuban military aid to Salvadoran guerrillas. Just as predictably, the State Department is playing that card to justify U.S. military aid as a necessary counterforce. If the Administration persists in this line, it will lead this already ravaged country that much closer to the blood bath that the Archbishop gave his life trying to avert.

Nuclear Debit

Last September, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission received a report from its Erwin, Tennessee, nuclear fuel fabrication plant that at least nine kilograms, about twenty pounds, of highly enriched weapons-grade uranium were missing. (Nine kilograms will operate a bomb. For perspective, consider that sixty kilograms were packed into the bomb exploded over Hiroshima.) The actual amount of material missing is classified, but under N.R.C. regulations, the loss of at least nine kilograms requires that a plant shut down immediately. Erwin was off-line the same day its report was received.

Over the past ten years, Erwin has reported a total missing inventory of approximately 246 pounds of material. The plant fabricates and recycles nuclear submarine fuel, handling uranium in solid, liquid and gaseous states. In the past, the M.U.F (material unaccounted for) was always regarded as lost in the pipes or lost in the books.

The inventory that exposed this recent Erwin M.U.F. was a practice the N.R.C. requires every two months. If it is discovered that a significant amount of material is missing, a plant has thirty days to locate it before reporting to the N.R.C. Thus, the nine kilograms of uranium were missed at Erwin around mid-August—perhaps even mid-July. Once the N.R.C. received word, a re-inventory began, which was completed about November 1. The recount found some of the M.U.F. in the pipes, as it were, but there was still a sufficient amount unaccounted for to trigger a plant shutdown. The N.R.C. audited the records, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation also did preliminary security investigations. During this period, the press reported that because of Erwin's history of missing material and the apparent size of the current "loss," the plant might never reopen.

But on January 18, this year, the N.R.C. authorized Erwin to return on-line, some six months after the loss of the uranium was discovered. An undisclosed amount over the nine-kilogram minimum is still missing, but because Erwin's activities are deemed to serve national security, that statutory limit has been amended with an all-new, just-for-Erwin exception making the cutoff level 1 percent of "throughput," which may be higher or lower than nine kilograms, though the N.R.C. will not say. According to Dr. Frank Ingram, an N.R.C. spokesman, the new limit is "more realistic in terms of the plant's ability to control its records."

It appears that the N.R.C. has changed the rules because Erwin couldn't play the game. This has quite chilling implications, given the proliferation, national and international, of nuclear technology. It could have been sixty days before Erwin even knew it had material missing under its routine audits, plus another thirty days to make certain that the M.U.F. was truly M.U.F. "Unauthorized diversion" has been ruled out, but one must wonder how the N.R.C. can be sure. If a U.S. military installation can lose so much uranium, what must one suspect about the security and reliability of a small-town generating plant? If Erwin is too old, or too sloppy, to meet original standards, why is it off and running again? The N.R.C.'s Erwin exemption has more to do with bookkeeping than with safety; it is "cooking the books." If that missing uranium gets into the wrong hands, we'll all lose.

PAULA DIPERNA

Paula DiPerna is a freelance writer and currently a contributing editor on The Cousteau Society Almanac of the Environment *to be published by Doubleday in 1981.*

Italy in Crisis?

As the Fourth French Republic neared its end, political wits in Paris declared: the situation is desperate, but not serious. Those of us who have been observing Italy for years can be forgiven if we respond to the fall of Prime Minister Francesco Cossiga's Government on March 19 in the same way. After all, Italy has survived conspiracies of the right and terrorism of the ultra-left, inflation and recession. Its present political immobility is, clearly, due to the disorienting effects of rapid industrialization and urbanization upon both of Italy's major spiritual families, the Marxists and the Catholics. World politics are a complicating factor: American tutelage remains, and we have not yet accepted the Communists as legitimate interlocutors. It isn't surprising, then, that the political system is rigid, the more so as the state apparatus is ossified. The adaptiveness of Italian political life expresses itself outside of Parliament: in citizens' movements, in the representative role of the unions, in local governments, in Catholic lay groups. Above all, it is in culture, daily life and the economy that Italy's great creativity and vitality are visible. Lenin anticipated the withering away of the state. Our Italian friends may actually have accomplished it.

Unfortunately, that view reflects a detachment one can afford in Washington. From Rome, Salerno and Turin, things look far worse. The terrorists continue with impunity, having just murdered three judges—including a prominent judicial defender of civil liberties. The heads of most of Italy's savings banks are in jail or under indictment. A number of prominent Christian Democratic and Socialist politicians have been accused of taking the banks' money for personal or political purposes. When the Cossiga Government resigned, negotiations with the unions in the state-owned sector were promptly suspended. The unionists have warned that they cannot control their members. Luciano Lama, the secretary general of the Communist-Socialist union, has

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spoken of the "unraveling" of Italian society. Unemployment among the young is particularly serious, and so is disillusionment with the traditional political parties. One story going about Rome is that after a serious analysis on television of the Red Brigades, young people inundated the station with inquiries as to where they could sign on.

To be sure, the fall of the Cossiga Government simply consecrates a state of fact. It was able to govern in name only. It is true that Cossiga visited Washington recently, but that was to help Carter with Italian-American voters rather than to help Italy with its problems. Our ambassador in Rome has one ambition: to hold off Communist entry into the Government until November. Cossiga is a person of some stature whom the other parties respect rather more than they do most Christian Democrats. He has been asked to initiate talks on a new Cabinet. That is a sign that Italy's tightly knit political elite, for the moment, seeks another temporary Government. It would tide things over until the local and regional elections in May or June give an indication of the parties' strengths in the country. The difficulty, quite apart from the intrinsic obstacles to a temporary solution, is that a patchwork Government would further damage the legitimacy of the entire state. More terrorism, continuing inflation and unemployment, further delays to promised reforms in society and state would weaken all the parties. Many ordinary Italian politicians are unable or unwilling to draw the necessary conclusion. In an age of universally lowered expectations, theirs are elegantly simple: to stay out of jail.

The Cossiga Government rested on a fragile majority composed of the Christian Democrats, the Socialists, the Social Democrats, the Liberals and the Republicans. It fell when the Socialists withdrew their support. The Communists say that they will maintain their opposition to any Government in which they do not participate. A Christian Democratic-Socialist coalition is, then, the only arithmetical alternative to a very improbable arrangement between the C.D. and the Communists. (The smaller parties will protest but, perforce, accept anything the larger ones decree.) Agreement between the Christian Democrats and the Socialists may be impossible, however. Bettino Craxi, the Socialist leader, insists on the premiership as a price for Socialist support. The Christian Democrats are unwilling to give up the post, which controls patronage in Italy's heavily state-controlled economy. They fear that the Socialists will use the premiership to enlarge their own support, then combine with the Communists to push the C.D. out. Craxi's Socialist opponents, however, hold that entering government on any terms now would entail a rupture with the Communists, which would deal a fatal blow to the Socialists' chances with the electorate. Many Italians favor a Government of national unity. The former President, Giuseppe Saragat, joined them the other day, saying that the time for petty maneuvers was over.

Unfortunately, the view of many Italians that only an agreement between the Christian Democrats and the Communists can stop Italy's descent into the abyss conflicts with the increasing doubts of the putative partners. At their recent congress, the Christian Democrats voted, 55 percent to 45 percent, to refuse Cabinet posts to the Communists. The C.D. leaders who favored serious negotiations with the Communists (Giulio Andreotti and Benigno Zaccagnini) have been replaced by new leaders of unsurpassed lack of distinction. The Communists, worried by declining public support, are torn by internal dissension. They are increasingly critical of Enrico Berlinguer's attempt to salvage a policy of Historical Compromise with the Christian Democrats who cannot find the courage of their own lack of conviction. The Communist Party has joined with the Christian Democrats and other European countries in backing a common policy condemning the Soviet Union's Afghan invasion. During a recent parliamentary vote, a number of Communists apparently broke discipline and voted against a resolution on this matter—behavior unprecedented among them.

What is at issue is not a recrudescence of Stalinism. It is the fear of large numbers of Communists that the party is losing its oppositional role to a disordered array of groups to both its left and its right. The ultra-left has increasing influence over the young and the workers, the Radicals appeal to the critical middle class, and the Fascists have some support from a disgusted public. It was a Fascist magistrate who threw the bankers and politicians into jail the other day. The Christian Democrats suffer from analogous fears. Were they to cede the premiership, or allow the Communists into government, they would appear to be renouncing their claim to represent a distinctively Catholic vision of society. Many C.D. leaders are cynical and corrupt, but the voters are often committed to a coherent ideology. The one step which might afford Italy some room for reflection and reconstruction, a Government of national unity, seems as remote as ever. Should Parliament dissolve now for elections, four years ahead of schedule, the only result would be more chaos. The present Cabinet crisis may be solved. Italian political ingenuity is practically limitless. It appears, however, that even those limits are being reached.

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Norman Birnbaum is Mellon Visiting Professor of Humanities at Georgetown University Law Center and a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board.*

NATION NOMINEES

The Nation has received two nominations for National Magazine Awards. Joining the ranks of forty finalists nominated in eight categories were Fred J. Cook for a series of articles on the oil industry (Reporting) and Bertram Gross for "The Drive to Revive the Draft" (Service to the Individual). *The Nation* was the only magazine nominated for two nonfiction stories. The awards are administered by the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, and nominations were made by a panel of fifteen judges, who chose from a record 648 entries submitted by 219 publications. The winners will be announced on April 9 at a luncheon at the Plaza Hotel in New York City.

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

Sticky Fingers Navasky remains at large. Three weeks ago, in this space, I confessed that Victor S. Navasky, the editor of *The Nation*, had stolen a Xeroxed copy of the manuscript of Richard M. Nixon's new book, *The Real War* (a title drawn, of course, from the famous passage by Thucydides: "The real war is not on the field of battle, where armies clash; the real war is when they start questioning write-offs for business entertainment"). Navasky then gave the manuscript to me—I barely knew it was stolen—and instructed me to find something to reveal. It was Navasky's second offense. *The Nation* had just been sued, for an embarrassingly modest sum, by Harper & Row and *Reader's Digest*—the plaintiffs' claim being that Sticky Fingers, in reckless disregard of copyright laws and literary standards, had published material based on a hot manuscript of Gerald Ford's memoirs, which not only failed to be called *The White House Memories of a Lucky Klutz* but failed to be subtitled *Is This the Fairway for the 8th Hole or What?* Naturally, I have no desire to see Navasky put away for eight-to-twenty simply because he is a two-time loser who seems to defy every effort at rehabilitation. I had assumed, though, that the authorities would at least pick him up and work him over a bit at the station house. So far, nobody has laid a glove on him. He walks among us, indistinguishable from respectable citizens. I can only conclude that what we're facing here is a breakdown of law and order.

If the men in blue ever did put the collar on Navasky, I suppose parsimony would be his first line of defense: considering what he is accustomed to paying writers, he could claim, stealing practically any manuscript would constitute no more than petty theft. At Navasky's rates, according to my calculations, Nixon's book is worth about $137.50. The fact that Navasky stole rather than bought Nixon's prose does mean, of course, that history has been robbed of a negotiating session between Navasky and Nixon's literary agent, Irving (Swifty) Lazar. Ever since Navasky told me he was thinking about paying me "in the high two figures" for one of my efforts, I have looked forward to a head-to-head confrontation someday between him and Irving (Swifty) Lazar. As I have always seen the meeting in my mind, Irving (Swifty) Lazar bustles into Navasky's office, emitting steamy little puffs of talk about "big bucks" and "points on the gross" and "up-front money." I prefer to think that Irving (Swifty) Lazar talks that way; if he actually sounds like an associate professor of comparative literature, I don't want to know about it.

"So what we're talking here is two hundred thou on the floor bid," I imagine Irving (Swifty) Lazar saying.

Navasky looks at the floor. It needs sweeping. He clears his throat. "Well, Irving (Swifty) Lazar," he says, being one of those rare editors who knows how to pronounce a parenthesis, "we were thinking along the lines of something in the exceedingly low three figures." In a strategy meeting before the negotiating session, Navasky has decided that he is prepared to go to $140 if no unusual postage charges or long-distance telephone calls are involved. Those who accuse *The Nation* of being insufficiently patriotic could not be aware of how devoutly Navasky attempts to follow the President's guidelines on wage and price controls.

About a week ago, it occurred to me that Navasky had available to him a stronger defense than his worldwide reputation for stinginess. The realization came while I was thinking back on my experience of reading the prose that Navasky and his unnamed accomplices snatched—an experience that for excitement and interest I can compare to waiting in the baggage-claim area for the suitcases to be brought from the plane. I don't mean to complain; I declined the $2.35 Navasky offered me for the extra time involved. I mention the experience only because it would enable me to testify, if properly subpoenaed and guaranteed immunity, that searching for something to reveal from *The Real War* was like searching for something to reveal from the authorized biography of the founder of the United Way Campaign of Cincinnati, Ohio.

I telephoned Navasky. "Don't worry," I said. "Looked at from the proper angle, stealing what you stole was quite a bit less than petty theft."

"I don't know what you mean," Navasky said.

"Let's say, for instance, that you were the mastermind of a spy ring," I said.

"I'm a loyal American," Navasky said. "A tireless fighter against the grinding inflation that saps our nation of its strength."

"But let's say that you were the mastermind of a spy ring," I said. "You've managed to recruit some code clerks and a typist or two—paying them modestly, of course, on the theory that they're getting regular salaries from the Defense Department or the C.I.A. anyway. One of them turns you in because you have enraged him by refusing to pick up the tab for the Metro rides he has to take to the drop. The F.B.I. bursts into your apartment and finds everything you have stolen: working plans for the crossbow, an 1894 report on how to put a keen edge on a cavalry saber, two First World War helmets, the formula for C-rations. This is the same thing: the manuscript you nicked is without value except for some collateral use as a sleeping aid."

There was a long silence on Navasky's end of the telephone.

"I wouldn't push your luck, though," I went on. "Don't go making off with galleys of some sensitive first novel of boyhood in Alabama or an early draft of the Interior Department's annual report on the state of the prairie dog population in Montana. Enough's enough. Also, I'd get rid of the Nixon manuscript if I were you."

"What Nixon manuscript?" Navasky said.

No wonder Sticky Fingers Navasky remains at large.

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(Continued From Page 386)

ently left to people in capitalist or post-capitalist society. Does Elshtain know of those thinkers on the left (some of them men) who believe it is precisely this sanctuary quality, along with the isolation and individualism of the American family setup, that allows a capitalist economic structure to continue unchallenged because it provides an island of peace to the alienated American?

Not all feminists are man haters and family haters. To say so is an attack on the women's movement in general and the many nameless women who identify with it because it speaks up for their needs and rights, who feel grateful for the new strengths it has given them. . . . Women's dissatisfaction with their burdens is indeed a political issue and if something went wrong it is indeed because not enough women got together to carry such political issues into the public arena.

As someone who read all the feminist literature she could find to support a Ph.D. thesis on women, I cannot even remember reading that the family must be destroyed, unless I accept Elshtain's out-of-context quotation from Shulamith Firestone. Elshtain gives little convincing evidence of the systematic distortion with which she claims feminists have treated the family. Feminists have pointed out oppressive aspects of the patriarchal family setup, yes. It was the media that gave us distortions of the goals, activities and pronouncements of the feminist movement. Elshtain seems to imply that it is the family that provides the most important humanizing influence on people. I wonder if she has read any recent data on wife and child battering, family violence, suicide and divorce? . . .

Does Elshtain have a workable alternative to the "anti-familial feminist ideology"? There were attempts to create new types of families—in the communes, in groups of women and sometimes women and men who shared residences and tried to bring up children jointly. It is unrealistic to expect alternatives to traditional structures to spring up overnight—they appear as isolated efforts here and there. And how is an "alternative vision of a revitalized concept of 'citizenship'" going to make everything well all of a sudden?

It is not the feminists who are to be faulted for our contemporary social malaise and the absence of political community and a "collective identity for males and females alike." By laying the blame on feminism, Elshtain does precisely what she says the feminists have done: create a politics of displacement. Does Elshtain realize that by attacking feminism she attacks the only social movement left in America that is still working toward meaningful change? If she focused less on extremists and radical theorists and more on women themselves, in all their diversity, strengths and pains, she might—perhaps—be able to see attempts by women toward control of their "collective affairs." As for establishing ends for our society, we have a long, long way to go. It would be good to see women like Elshtain working with, instead of against, us. *Maria Maxfield*

"INDIVIDUALS' DISCONTENT"

New York City

In discussing my recent article on the family, Jean Bethke Elshtain asserts that my strategy for change "remains steadfastly individualistic ('If people stopped . . . If enough parents . . . If enough women . . .')." The clear implication of the passage Elshtain refers to is that if people (parents, women) were to reject certain assumptions about the family, they would organize to demand changes in the conditions of work and child rearing, and in the economic system generally. Politics aimed at social reform or revolution is always "individualistic" in this sense; it begins with individuals' discontent with their condition. When "enough" people see a need for change, they start or join a movement.

Elshtain also quotes and criticizes out of context my statement that "capitalists have an obvious stake in encouraging dependence on the family." My argument was that capitalism has undermined the authority of the family and its ability to provide economic security for its members; yet for that very reason, it is in capitalists' interest that people look to the family for what remnants of security it offers—as opposed to demanding more social services or radical economic change. In other words, the contradiction is in the system, not my essay. *Ellen Willis*

ELSHTAIN REPLIES

Amherst, Mass.

Ms. Maxfield has systematically misread my essay and then gone on to attack her distortions of my arguments. Let me attempt to sort a bit of it out. First, I was quite clear about whom I was criticizing, and why, and that my criticism was lodged on the basis of those theoretical presumptions, found in various modes of feminist analysis, which exude a "politics of displacement." Maxfield begs this question and attempts to deflect attention away from it by citing women and groups responsible for changes in the medical treatment of women, etc., she claims I have slighted. Second, I thought I had made it clear that feminist rethinking of private relations has resulted in much that is stimulating and valuable. Third, I too read "all the feminist literature" I could find in the preparation of a Ph.D. thesis on women and politics. The insistence that the family must be destroyed or smashed (rather than reformed or reconstructed) is a theme running through much radical feminist literature from *No More Fun and Games* to the present, an insistence that can also be found in some polemics that call themselves Marxist feminist.

Finally, Maxfield questions whether I "know of" thinkers on the left, including men, who believe that the "sanctuary" quality of the family allows "a capitalist economic structure to continue unchallenged." She is joined by Willis who puts forth as a foregone conclusion the contestable presumption that if the family were thoroughly eroded, "radical economic change" would be demanded. I know of these arguments and disagree with them; indeed, I find them morally repugnant and politically dangerous. The notion is that if everybody were thoroughly miserable, literally homeless, we would all get together and demand social justice. Nonsense. I suggest Maxfield and Willis take a look at the sorts of regimes built on the twisted souls of persons whose lives, public and private, have crumbled around them. A politics animated by what Nietzsche called *ressentiment* is the most likely response and such a politics goes by the name of fascism, whether of the left or the right.

As to the accusation that I am trying to substitute a "politics of fragmentation for the women's movement"—again, nonsense. What "women's movement"? Feminism is already divided along lines of theoretical demarcation and real, not bogus, considerations of class, race, religion and ethnicity. To pretend such fragmentation doesn't

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exist is to live in a fantasy world. As to my focus on "extremists and radical theorists"—Betty Friedan hardly seems to be an "extremist" and Marxist feminists of the sort I criticize disagree with the radicals. My essay focused on the best-known statements of *feminist theory* and the consequences for politics flowing from that theory which I found unfortunate. It was intended as a contribution to the ongoing creation of a more coherent feminist theory, for theoretical advance is made only through critique. But Maxfield insists on categorizing me as the enemy. It is that sort of dogmatism that ill serves feminism.

Jean Bethke Elshtain

"HAVEN FOR WHOM?"

New York City

Jean Bethke Elshtain astutely notes the disturbing streak of self-hatred—the contempt for the female body and reproductive cycle—hidden in certain feminist writings. But in praising the family as a haven in a heartless world (to use the famous phrase of Christopher Lasch), she fails to ask the crucial question, Haven for whom? The distrust of many feminists for the family as now constituted is a response to the fact that at present the burden of maintaining family life falls squarely on women: they are the ones balancing two jobs—paid work (let's not forget that most women work out of economic necessity) and housework—a burden that becomes exponentially more taxing if child care is added. If a woman cannot do all this with consummate grace, her predicament is seen as a personal failure, not as an abdication of responsibility on the part of her husband or as the refusal of society at large to support her in her laudable struggle to preserve an oasis of intimacy (through day care, child-support payments such as exist in France, universal maternity benefits, or even a "mother's preference" in job placement and advancement comparable to veteran's preference). If her marriage breaks up, as it stands a nearly 50 percent chance of doing, the low value placed by both her husband and society on her years of nurturing and upholding noncommercial values is made painfully evident: the world of work penalizes her for her years out of the job market, the law will very likely fail to acknowledge the extent of her contribution to the marriage and to her husband's economic position, and in roughly four out of five cases her husband will fail to pay court-awarded child support (so much for the joys and responsibilities of fatherhood!). A woman is entitled to ask herself if it is wise to commit her destiny—and her children's well-being—to an institution she is given the responsibility but not the power to maintain.

Elshtain nowhere addresses the very real problems faced by women today, who find that they must choose between family and work (as men do not) in the absence of support systems for child care and in the absence of a commitment on the part of many men to maintain the haven whose benefits they enjoy. For a recognition of this central dilemma one must turn to the feminists: they are the ones pressing for paternity leave for men, family leaves for both sexes, more flexible work schedules, an end to discrimination against pregnant women and older women . . . and for a general recognition that both sexes ought to share in the day-to-day responsibilities of family life. (As for the middle-class bias she sees in the feminist glorification of paid work, is she really unaware of feminist efforts to organize the "pink-collar" occupations, or of the eager movement of women into blue-collar jobs still jealously guarded as a male preserve?)

If Elshtain really wants the family to be an alternative to the soul-destroying values of the marketplace, she should recognize that it is feminists whose actual program would do most to accomplish that goal, and make the family a haven for *all* its members.

Katha Pollitt

ELSHTAIN REPLIES

Amherst, Mass.

I am pleased that Ms. Pollitt concurs with my distress at the "disturbing streak of self-hatred" imbedded in some contemporary feminist thought.

It is interesting to me that my views have been assimilated, by Ms. Pollitt and others, with those of Christopher Lasch. Lasch and I differ in several significant ways. Briefly: Lasch no longer finds the family the important and necessary "haven" and touchstone of human identity it once was. For Lasch, the family is more thoroughly suffused with market imperatives and capitalist social relations than is compatible with my views; moreover, there is in Lasch's notion of haven much more of a sense of "retreat" than I wished to signify. As I stated in my essay, "each child taught to see himself or herself as unique and unconditionally loved, a being (to draw upon Kant) having 'dignity,' not merely a 'price,' represents a challenge to the terms of the market system. . . . " Children, despite all, are still being taught that in thousands of ordinary homes. That this task is made extraordinarily difficult by the exigencies noted by Pollitt is most certainly the case. *Jean Bethke Elshtain*

"OUT OF DATE . . ."

Westbury, N.Y.

Jean Elshtain's lead article on feminism and the family is simply out of date. While an unknowing reader might be pulled along by the logic and prose of the piece, someone familiar with the current feminist movement knows that a major shift on views of the family has been in the works since at least the mid-1970s. Feminists themselves have rethought the extreme anti-familialism of their early positions. And just as this about-face is completed and publicly trumpeted in *The New York Times Magazine* (Betty Friedan, "Feminism Takes a New Turn," Nov. 18, 1979), the *Peoria Journal Star* (Nov. 30, 1979) and numerous papers in between, *The Nation* features an anachronistic attack informed by Shulamith Firestone and various defunct radical feminist organizations.

You need to publish a current analysis of feminism and the family to set the record straight. *Jan Rosenberg*

". . . AND ANTI-FEMINIST"

Merrick, N.Y.

I read with dismay your recent article "Feminists Against the Family." *The Nation* publishes articles on feminist thinking so seldom that it is unfortunate that it has chosen to print an article that is misleading, inaccurate and, above all, anti-feminist. The article extrapolates from the theories of one group, the radical feminists, and projects the tenets of that group onto all feminists.

Feminists, by and large, are not anti-family. While we agree that the patriarchal nuclear family victimizes its members, the thrust of mainstream feminism is to strengthen and reform family structure. Feminists espouse various actions, such as legislative and community efforts, not merely "personal politics."

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Further, to suggest that liberal feminists and their goals are middle-class is simply untrue. It was women mine workers, not Betty Friedan, who fought for the right of women to work in coal mines. Feminists' struggles for such things as social security reform, day-care centers, equal pay and opportunity benefit all women—working-class and middle-class, those who work in the home and those who work outside the home. *May Beresin, Ph.D.*

FAMILY POLITICS

Brooklyn, N.Y.

I read Jean Bethke Elshtain's article with much interest. Recently, I have participated in meetings of the National Women's Health Network and the American Public Health Association. While neither organization is particularly radical, both groups have memberships that include fair numbers of feminists of various political perspectives. I was struck many times over the course of the meetings by how much the feminist perspective on women's health has broadened. Our discussions are focusing on problems of conception as well as contraception and abortion, sterility as well as sterilization, and our concerns include childbearing and rearing, accessible child care and so many problems that are clearly part of "family life."

At these meetings, some of us had our children with us, and many of us found one another engrossed in defining and working on our own family issues, traditional nuclear or otherwise. Because we have found politics everywhere . . . our personal decisions regarding marriage and relationships, child rearing and bearing and sexuality have become political.

I think that the rhetoric of the earlier days of the feminist movement reflected a newly articulated fury and frustration; what seems to be happening now is a more sober consideration of our realities. Ms. Elshtain cites Betty Friedan's indictment of family life. In a more recent piece, "Feminism Takes a New Turn," Ms. Friedan observes that the initial agenda of the movement was inadequate, that we need an agenda for the 1980s that will focus on the family. It is also interesting to note that The Boston Women's Health Book Collective followed *Our Bodies, Ourselves* with *Ourselves and Our Children*.

The most politically radical feminists may disagree, but it does seem to me that the feminist movement as a whole has begun the exploration of "Family" and all that that can mean. The issues of control and power, however, are just as inherent in that as they have been for us in the worlds of work and education.

Wendy A. Lebowitz

"FEMINISM'S DIVERSITY"

Burlington, Vt.

Jean Elshtain's article leaves me cold—probably because I don't understand much of it. It is laced with too many catchwords from the language of political rhetoric that have been used to cover so much ideological territory as to have become meaningless.

However, there is an aspect of the article that I feel needs more emphasis than Ms. Elshtain accords it: the overwhelming fact of feminism's plurality and diversity. It is true that on occasion she speaks of "radical feminists," "liberal feminists" or "Marxist feminism" in order to qualify her definitions, but these instances are exceptions. It would be extremely misleading for other readers to assume that "feminism" is limited to those viewpoints that she has used to illustrate it. As with Christianity, the discussion of a few points of Presbyterian or Methodist doctrine is hardly sufficient to define the subject, or explain it to a Buddhist.

There are, indeed, many "family feminists" around—I coin the phrase since I've not encountered before the necessity to make such a distinction. I meet them every day and I am surprised that Ms. Elshtain has not.

Constance L. Kite

"A TINY MINORITY"

Austin, Tex.

"Feminists Against the Family" by Jean Bethke Elshtain presents a very misleading picture of feminism. Among other questionable devices used to develop her thesis, Ms. Elshtain has chosen slanted and unrepresentative data. The women's movement is a vast sprawling body of men and women with various levels of commitment from conservatism through liberalism to radicalism. No one knows the real numbers, but it is quite likely there are millions in that center liberal group, while the far-left radical segment makes up, perhaps, 2 to 4 percent of the whole. And yet the author takes her proof, in the form of quotations, only from that tiny minority. As to space allowed, she used nine paragraphs attacking the radicals but only one for those millions of moderates. . . .

Data can also be slanted by omitting pertinent facts. This, for example: "The only way to stop all this [scorn] . . . is to eliminate the patriarchal nuclear family." Some radical feminist, somewhere, may have said this, but moderate feminists (of both sexes) recognize fully the value of the family as a primary group and wish to preserve it in *a modified form*. We would eliminate the patriarchal features but not the family itself. The pertinent fact omitted here is that when the second wave of feminism surfaced (in the 1960s), the family already had about an 80 percent record of failure. (Add the divorce rate to the estimated number of marriages that remained intact but were unhappy.) We are not to blame for that failure.

Two other beliefs of the moderates are significant here, too. Contrary to the impression given in the article, feminists are not indifferent to children but would like to see fewer children with far better care than they generally receive today. And most female feminists want an ongoing, committed, intimate relationship with a congenial male. They are not anti-man.

On page 499 the author departs completely from reality: "Ironically, a new feminist ideology has emerged to replace the old patriarchal one." (True enough.) "It, like the old, exerts a silencing effect over free and open debate on a whole range of issues having to do with female sexuality, pregnancy. . . . My concern is with that anti-familial ideology that [aims] to erode or destroy the meaning and relations of family life *in the absence of any workable alternative.*"

We have *not* silenced the debate and we *do* offer an alternative.

Only since the rise of feminism have people spoken freely of battered women, abused children, incest, rape and displaced homemakers. No one even guessed at the extent of these problems until feminists brought them to light. Now they are discussed in many group programs and in our publications.

As to that "workable alternative," where has Ms. Elshtain lived that she is unaware of the countless dual, egalitarian households in which both adults share child care, house care and sometimes even the earning? These are easy, comfortable arrangements, free of any

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power struggle. Contrary to the author's assertion, the personal is *not* always political. Only if a situation involves power does it become political.

Feminists do not want power over men. They wish only to be accepted as persons and to share in the decisions that shape their lives. Ms. Elshtain, who is apparently a privileged person, does her sisters a grave disservice by presenting such a distorted picture of one of the most important movements in history.

Mary Frederick

ELSHTAIN FINALE

Amherst, Mass.

These letters suggest either that my piece is "simply out of date," focuses disproportionately on "the far-left radical segment" of the women's movement, or is "misleading, inaccurate and, above all, anti-feminist."

Ms. Beresin's charge that the piece is anti-feminist is scarcely worth responding to, given the fact that I discuss with approval feminist thinkers who represent the psychoanalytic and socialist perspectives and urge the further development of modes of feminist thought that take into account the concerns I raise in the essay. The notion that it is "misleading" derives, in part, from the claim of letter writers that I concentrate on only a few radical feminists to the exclusion of the vast majority who don't espouse the positions I criticize. This is an interesting charge because, on the one hand, the letter writers clearly wish to differentiate themselves from the view of the radical feminists yet, simultaneously, they are angry with me for doing precisely the same thing. If I followed the logic of several of these respondents I could, in turn, accuse them of anti-feminism for their own obvious disagreements with the "far-left radical segment."

The notion that the piece is "out of date" derives from a blindness, widely shared among Americans, to *theoretical* concerns and a socially sanctioned inability to think theoretically. Similarly, an essay analyzing a Marxian text would be assaulted because that text dates from 1871 and is undeniably "out of date" if one's standard of reference is 1980. Americans seem to think that thought goes out of style as quickly as each year's fashions. Texts, however, have a life of their own. The feminists' texts I criticize are read, in turn, by successive generations of young women and young men who need to know that there are alternative theoretical perspectives. It would be politically and morally irresponsible for a scholar to turn her back on the task of critique because the text is "out of date"—being some eight or even eighteen years old. If the respondents really think the radical feminist movement is defunct they, not I, are seriously out of touch. I suggest they read Mary Daly's *Gyn/Ecology*, or is it "out of date," having been published in 1979?

Several of the writers signal a "major shift" in thinking on the family with the publication of Betty Friedan's piece, "Feminism Takes a New Turn," which appeared shortly after my own essay. Friedan's piece supposedly makes mine all the more "anachronistic." But have they seriously examined that article? The kind of family arrangement Friedan celebrates as exemplary (flexitime, husband and wife sharing fully and equally in child care and career) is possible, at best, for the top 10 to 15 percent of the American population. Her "rethinking" amounts to an overall accommodation with corporate capitalism which can—perhaps—accommodate the interests and needs of some upper-middle-class professionals. (Friedan hopes, by the way, that corporate capitalism will somehow be humanized in the process of such accommodation: a fragment of liberal overoptimism we should long since have laid aside as delusory.) For less-privileged families we get, among other things, the reiteration of the need for more child care—whether government-, union- or industry-sponsored. This is simply *not good enough*. It is too late in the day to settle for restatement of the need without close specification of what is to count as quality child care and how feminists will promote and protect the needs of the child, not just the needs of women who must or need to work, or the interests of capitalism in having them work, the vast majority at low-paid, unskilled jobs. The situation hasn't changed much for the Norma Raes. Picture what sort of child care her company would provide in order to facilitate labor on the part of women!

Why should liberal feminists always anticipate the most favorable outcomes of social change, including policies they advocate? Feminists should be fighting, not calling for, franchised child care for private profit—a phenomenon the Urban Radical Political Education publication *Dollars and Sense* dubs "Kentucky Fried Children." However, in advocating government-sponsored day care, feminists should be aware of the dangers inherent in political control of the socialization process, possibly turning children into raw products for the political system to recruit. It can't happen here? Why not? The smug, self-congratulatory mood of the Friedan essay and that of several of the letters (e.g., Frederick's fulsome, class-blind recounting of "countless dual, egalitarian households" with "easy, comfortable arrangements," on and on) is altogether unwarranted. I suggest these women read Lillian Rubin's *Worlds of Pain: Life in the Working Class Family* as an antidote to their class blindness.

The feminist movement is at a crossroads: either it can move in directions that deepen the real, structurally induced divisions *between classes of women* or *work to identify those issues that, in fact, divide women*. In denying those issues or treating them as a kind of afterthought, feminism suppresses some of its own potential constituency. The belated recognition of some of the issues I call for as central hasn't yet led to the necessary exploratory, self-critical rethinking. The truth of the matter is: there is no functional alternative to the family for 85 to 90 percent of the American population. The truth of the matter is: the old routes to success even for the minority of relatively privileged women (based on family backgrounds of income, status, education) is beginning to close up and we must think of creative ways to respond. The truth of the matter is: few women as a portion of the population have "made it" or can. Will we see those simply consolidating their gains and falling into a single-dimensional view of the social world? Several of these letters suggest we will.

Two final comments: Ms. Kite was left cold because she didn't understand much of my article given, she complains, that it was "laced with too many catchwords from the language of political rhetoric." I hope she is not referring to such esoteric notions as "citizenship" or "political community." Ms. Frederick resorts to a gratuitous ad hominem by insisting that I am "apparently a privileged person." I refuse to enter a proletarian sweepstakes with Frederick but if I did I bet I'd have a good chance of winning it.

Jean Bethke Elshtain

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ARTICLES.

TANZANIA GIVES UP

Uganda-Lurching Toward Obote

TONY AVIRGAN

Dar es Salaam

When the sound of gunfire erupted in the Ugandan capital of Kampala the morning of March 17, few city residents were really surprised. Tension in the city was high.

The incident had actually begun the night before with a Tanzanian police officer, one of 2,000 who, along with 20,000 Tanzanian soldiers, are in Uganda to maintain security and train a new Ugandan Army and police force. The officer was having a few drinks with some Ugandan friends in a small bar, when a group of still unidentified armed men entered. Shooting followed and the Tanzanian policeman and five Ugandan civilians were killed. The next day, a group of Tanzanian soldiers and police went to the area and fired their weapons into the air. When residents fled, the Tanzanians looted and burned houses. The shooting and looting continued for three full hours.

In Dar es Salaam, a high-level, U.S.-educated Tanzanian bureaucrat who heard a report of the incident on the British Broadcasting Corporation (Radio Tanzania does not carry such news) said, "Good, I hope they finally hit them hard. It's about time we fought back."

As the first anniversary of the fall of Idi Amin approaches, relations between Tanzanians and Ugandans, or at least Ugandans in the Kampala area, are at a low point. The same Ugandans who, last April 11, were dancing in the streets and kissing the Tanzanian "liberators" are, this April 11, more likely to be sniping from rooftops. In order to avoid that possibility, Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere wants all of his troops out of Kampala by the end of March.

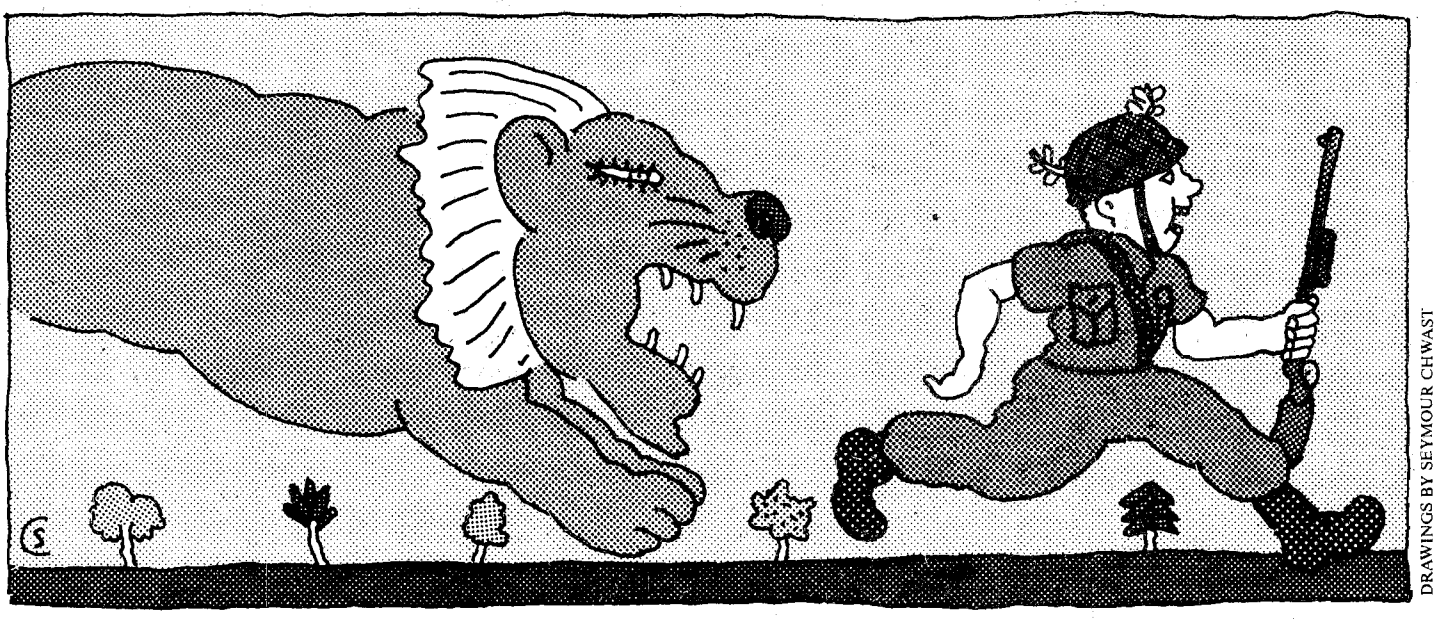
By the time Tanzanian troops had walked and fought their way through southern Uganda and into Kampala, they felt they knew the people of the area, the Baganda tribe, pretty well. At that time a Tanzanian officer observed, "These people are not socialists. The most we can hope for out of this is a stable neighbor that, unlike Amin, won't give us trouble."

A year later, it seems that that might have been hoping for too much, for Uganda has continued to give Tanzania plenty of trouble. Last June, when President Nyerere agreed to a Ugandan request to have Tanzanian forces stay on while Uganda got back on its feet, he remarked to a friend, "After a short time they're going to hate us. Nobody likes having a foreign army in their country." But even Nyerere grossly underestimated the difficulties to come.

The first "transitional" Ugandan Government of Prof. Yusufu Lule didn't last three months before it fell amid political infighting among the Ugandan exiles who had returned to form a post-Amin administration. When Nyerere backed the parliament, the National Consultative Council (N.C.C.), in its fight with Lule, the professor bitterly attacked the Tanzanian President, accusing him of wanting to colonize Uganda.

To replace Lule, the factious N.C.C. chose a neutral political nobody, Godfrey Binaisa, a roly-poly attorney who had spent his exile from Amin in Mount Vernon, New York. To govern Uganda, with all of its tribal, political and economic problems, requires a politician of the highest caliber. During his eight months in office, Binaisa has demonstrated that he is no politician at all. He has allowed corruption to flourish and has alienated the N.C.C. There is better than a fifty-fifty chance that, in the next few weeks, he will, like Lule before him, be ousted from office by parliament.

Tony Avirgan is a journalist based in Dar Es Salaam who writes for The Manchester Guardian.



DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

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In a desperate bid for political survival, Binaisa has turned to the right wing of the politically conservative and economically powerful Baganda tribe. The Baganda, whose tribal capital is Kampala, have staunchly opposed the presence of Tanzanian troops in Uganda, fearing that Nyerere will use them to force Uganda to follow Tanzania's socialist path. While Tanzanian troops have had relatively good relations with civilians in other parts of Uganda, they have had horrible relations with the Baganda in the Kampala-Entebbe area. Tanzanian soldiers and police say they are frequently taunted, stoned and sometimes shot at.

President Nyerere is fed up. He is furious that Binaisa has permitted corruption to flourish and his Government to be crippled by factionalism while little or nothing is done in the way of reconstruction after eight years of debilitating rule by Idi Amin. What rankles Nyerere most is that Binaisa and his top aides have given no support to the Tanzanian troops in Uganda and have even tried to make political capital out of allegations of misconduct by the Tanzanians.

In February, in a blistering note to Binaisa, Nyerere said that Tanzanians had not shed their blood and drained their coffers in a war against Amin in order to enable Ugandan politicians to fill their pockets and fight among themselves. The Tanzanian President implied that if such behavior continued in Kampala, he would order his troops home and leave Ugandans to their own devices.

No changes took place in the Ugandan capital, and when Binaisa flew to Dar es Salaam in mid-March to plead with Nyerere not to take any drastic action, he was only partially successful. The Tanzanian President informed Binaisa that half of the Tanzanian force in Uganda, 10,000 soldiers, would be brought home at the end of March. Nyerere said that the 5,600 Ugandans who had recently completed a military training course conducted by the Tanzanians would be able to assume the duties of the withdrawing Tanzanian forces. But the greatest blow to Binaisa came when Nyerere informed him that the Tanzanians would be pulling out of the Kampala area, the place where they seemed to be least appreciated. This maneuver, to be performed at the end of March, will leave the Ugandan capital under the control of the Ugandan Army, which Binaisa fears is disloyal.

Soon after returning from Dar es Salaam, Binaisa made a very sudden state visit to Uganda's other neighbor, Kenya, a country that he had been led to believe would be willing to send troops to replace the Tanzanian forces. But when Binaisa brought up the subject in his talks with Kenyan President Daniel Arap Moi, he was cut short and told that Kenya has no desire to put itself in the same awkward position in which Tanzania now finds itself. The Kenyans would apparently prefer to sit back and savor the spectacle of Tanzania suffering.

The man who appears to be gaining most from the chaos in Uganda is former Ugandan President Milton Obote, who was overthrown by Amin and remains in exile in Dar es Salaam. Binaisa has discouraged Obote from returning and, ironically, this appears to have worked to Obote's advantage, allowing him to remain aloof from all of the difficulties.

Obote has promised that, regardless of what Binaisa says, he will return to Uganda "the minute elections are announced." The former President is a politician head and shoulders above any other Ugandan who has so far come to the fore. Obote said that if Binaisa and others insist on fighting an election campaign on the issue of which party is more independent of Tanzania, he is fully prepared to espouse the side of "the ones who liberated us from Idi Amin." He calls Binaisa's attempts to find a country willing to replace the withdrawing Tanzanians "a political ploy designed to whip up hysteria."

There is no doubt that the political turmoil in Uganda has made many Ugandans long for the return of Obote. This phenomenon, in turn, has made Binaisa and his right-wing Bagandan backers fear Obote more with each passing day. Bagandan opposition to Obote will quite likely backfire by strengthening the former President's hand in other parts of the country. As one Tanzanian official wryly observed, "They're doing the same thing for Obote that Lord Soames did for Robert Mugabe: denouncing him so much that he'll sweep the elections." □

SOVIET INTENTIONS

The C.I.A.'s Great Debate

DALE VAN ATTA

The concept of a monolithic American intelligence community which moves with one voice and makes irrefutable conclusions based on vast technological and human resources has been eroding ever since the Iranian revolution caught them by surprise in the winter of 1978-79. The mixed reviews they have received over their predictions and advice regarding the Afghanistan invasion has further challenged any notions of infallibility.

Ignored in most of the commentary on "intelligence failures," however, is a basic issue that has caused a deep schism among key analysts for more than a decade—the intentions of the Soviet Union. Only the analysts, reviewing covert information from ingenious listening devices and spies, are expected to give their final estimation to the President. But it turns out that they don't know any more than the rest of us—or at least have the same disagreements over such issues as the usefulness of the SALT II treaty and Russia's next step after taking Afghanistan.

No document has shown this schism more clearly than an internal Central Intelligence Agency paper coded "Top Secret Umbra" and entitled: "Understanding Soviet Strategic Policy, Objectives." The relatively dry but erudite account of splits in the community over this issue was authored by a C.I.A. analyst, Fritz Ermarth, and disseminated to about 100 top policy makers on December 8, 1975, in the *National In-*

Dale Van Atta, a reporter specializing in the intelligence community, works with Jack Anderson.

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telligence Daily, a supersecret newspaper. The unprecedented decision to publish such an analysis immediately after the appearance of the "National Intelligence Estimate," which represented the community's consensus on the subject that year, was explained by the editors as an attempt to air "the spectrum of arguments that specialists in the intelligence community had to deal with in reaching the estimate's key judgments."

Insiders agree that Ermarth's analysis still holds up and reflects even more accurately the "groupings" of analysts over the Afghanistan situation today than it did for those on the SALT II debate at the time. Ermarth, who is now a high-level strategic adviser on the National Security Council, began:

> The subject of Soviet strategic policy and objectives is very elusive. Pertinent evidence is voluminous; but it almost never speaks for itself. Interpretation of the evidence always involves our preconceptions about the Soviet Union as a nation, international politics, the meaning of military power and the condition of our own country.

Because of their sometimes limited access to secret Russian documents, Ermarth observes, U.S. analysts "do not have complete and explicit intelligence" on Soviet military doctrine. "Although we differ on important details, analysts inside and outside the U.S. intelligence community tend to agree on the broad outlines. . . . Soviet doctrine clearly postulates that war-waging forces are desirable for both deterrence and conflict, emphasizes counter-force capabilities and targeting, and stresses the value of preemption as well as the need to have a survivable retaliatory capability."

Where the analysts divide, however, is on the questions of the sway of the military in the Politburo and the importance Soviet leaders attach to military doctrine. Continues Ermarth:

> Where we differ most is on how important doctrine actually is for Soviet policy or how well it reflects the actual thinking of Soviet leaders.
>
> Some of us believe that it is quite literally prescriptive for and descriptive of Soviet behavior. They point out that the Soviets have serious deployment or R&D [research and development] programs in all areas required by their war-fighting strategic doctrine. Whatever the obstacles, the Soviets keep plugging away at the requirements of doctrine, perhaps only falling back temporarily when technological problems are severe, as in the ABM [anti-ballistic missile] area.
>
> Others tend to regard Soviet doctrine as much less prescriptive for actual military policy. They see in it a good deal of pretense and exhortation really intended to support troop morale, ideological prejudices, and parochial service interests. They point to the quasi-religious themes of "victory" and "superiority" in the literature as examples.
>
> They believe that Soviet political and military leaders are free to ignore doctrine when they make practical decisions, as these leaders have habitually ignored or manipulated the ideas of Marx or Lenin. In this view, Soviet decision-makers admit to themselves that attaining the requirements of doctrine is vastly more difficult than pontificating on them.

As for assessing the *role* strategic power may play in any Soviet foreign policy move, that too is difficult, according to Ermarth, because "again we have to start with ambiguous evidence and divergent interpretations." But he is able to narrow down the divisions into two rough groupings:

> Some of us believe that the Soviet acquisition of overall strategic equality has given the USSR a new platform from which to exploit opportunities and to press its global interests, even to the point of accepting strategic confrontation with the U.S. They believe that the political role of strategic power impels the USSR to increase that power which will, in turn, give the USSR even greater sway in the world.
>
> Others take the view that at present levels the two sides' strategic forces tend to cancel each other out and that, always cautious, Soviet behavior in potential confrontation areas will be governed primarily by local risks and opportunities. Those of this opinion believe it to be not only objectively true, but also to be shared by the leaders of the USSR.

Citing present levels of strategic power, Ermarth asserts that the Russians are rushing toward nuclear superiority and the potential for a knockout first strike against the United States, to be achieved by the early 1980s. In fact, the ultrasecret 1975 National Intelligence Estimate on Russia concluded: "Our best estimate of Soviet offensive force development over the next ten years, [even] assuming a SALT II agreement, is that deployment of new systems will continue at about the pace now demonstrated, that ICBM accuracy will continue to improve, and that force survivability and flexibility also will improve. Soviet ICBM forces will probably pose a major threat to U.S. Minuteman silos in the early 1980s, assuming that the Soviets can perfect techniques for precisely timed two-RV [re-entry vehicle] attacks on a single target. This is somewhat earlier than forecast last year."

Ermarth writes that "the Soviets can set practical strategic policy objectives for themselves only in terms of their expectations about U.S. behavior." Intelligence estimates on this subject reflect "judgments [which] are ambivalent because, as some of us believe, the Soviet view is itself highly ambivalent." Indeed, Ermarth writes, on the matter of Soviet perceptions of the United States, analysts again separate into different schools of thought:

> As we attempt to assess the net Soviet appreciation of the U.S. as a strategic competitor, some tend to emphasize the actual or latent strength of U.S. capabilities, others the presumed weakness of U.S. resolve to be a vigorous competitor. All agree that there is a large measure of explicit uncertainty in the Soviet view, at least about the near and middle term, whatever may be their ideological confidence about the long run.
>
> This uncertainty must be accounted for in Soviet foreign and arms policy, especially as regards détente and the strategic arms limitations talks. Here again differences in

AGAINST THE DRAFT?

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emphasis and interpretation arise among us.

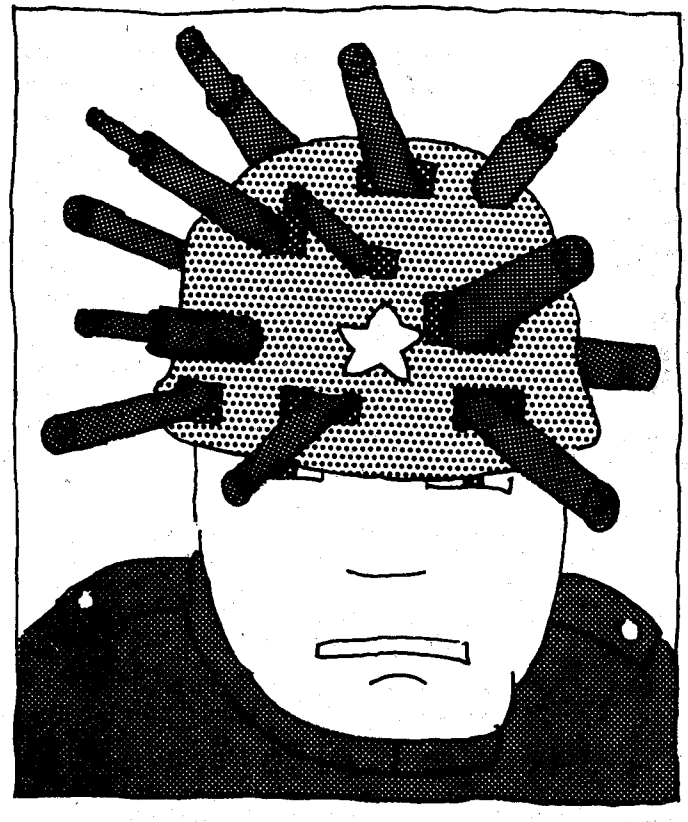
At the end of the spectrum are those who tend to see Soviet arms limitations and détente policy as intended mainly to anesthetize the resolve of the U.S. to compete with the USSR during a critical period of shift in the global power balance.

At the other end are those of us who recognize the politically competitive nature of Soviet policy, including détente and strategic arms limitations but who see these policies as a more genuine, lasting, and—effectively if not intentionally—benign effort to dampen the more dangerous and costly forms of East-West engagement, namely international confrontation and arms competition, and to channel competition in other directions.

Although differences exist between these perspectives, they are of degree—not kind. Both acknowledge that Soviet policy is a combination of competitiveness and restraint.

Ermarth concludes with a rundown of what different analysts perceive are the Russians' strategic or overall military objectives. The gravity of such dissonance within the intelligence community on this bedrock issue is dramatized in the computer war games each agency "plays" throughout the year. Once a year, all of them group for a gigantic exercise called the "Arsenal Exchange," a war between the "Blue Team" and the "Red Team." Bureaucratic decisions are made at the outset—who goes first, which set of intelligence statistics will be used and which assumptions can be made about how the teams will act. The games have shown that the final outcome is determined not by the number of weapons and troop movements but by miscalculations in basic assumptions of Soviet Union (Red Team) or U.S. (Blue Team) intentions. For this reason, I quote Ermarth's conclusion:

> On the question of [Soviet] strategic policy objectives, per se, there are in principle three distinguishable perspectives current in the intelligence community.
>
> *The first* holds that, without any particular deadline in mind, the Soviets seek clear superiority over the U.S. with confidence and determination and may see some serious prospect of achieving it in the next decade. They rest their hopes on a combination of radical new technology and the subsidence of U.S. competitiveness.
>
> The Soviets look to more familiar strategic technology not so much to overturn the balance in their favor as to provide politically useful margins of advantage while more fundamental long-term technological and political transformations are in the making.
>
> *The second* view holds that the Soviets entertain no realistic hope of acquiring clear strategic superiority over the U.S. and even see the chance for advantage as dubious. Their main aim is quite simply to prevent the great technical and industrial might of the U.S. from placing them once again in an inferior position. Their arms and arms control policies are chosen to this end.
>
> *The third* perspective is at once a compromise between the first two and slightly off on another axis. The key concepts in this view of Soviet policy are *uncertainty* and *hedging*.
>
> The Soviets do not know what future U.S. behavior will be or what their own capabilities relative to the U.S. will be. Nor do they know what dramatic new technology will actually appear on either side. Therefore, they do not set practical policy objectives in terms of a single desired future strategic balance.
>
> Rather, their objective is to choose policies that best hedge against uncertainty: they frame their policies to offer some chance of attaining a decisive preponderance over the U.S., a greater chance of something less dramatic but still advantageous, and a virtual guarantee of establishing and retaining at least overall equality.
>
> Hedging means that they cannot place all their eggs in the one basket of arms programs or in the other of diplomacy. It is this hedging that creates the appearance of either tension or duplicity in Soviet behavior. But in essence it is only rational behavior on the part of a very suspicious and very competitive actor in an uncertain world.
>
> In this view, the Soviets are driven in arming themselves and in negotiating by their considerable fears and their considerable ambitions. Since they are Soviets, it is very hard to divest them of either.



Ermarth's tale of fractionalization within the U.S. intelligence community suggests that Capitol Hill leaders, scholars and other informed Americans might come up with their own correct readings of Soviet intentions without access to any top-secret information. Your guess is as good as theirs. □

LEGAL DECONGESTION

The Two-Track Justice System

JEROLD S. AUERBACH

Overcrowded courts, expensive lawyers, the laggardly pace of the judiciary in civil suits—these have been a scandal since at least the days when Charles Dickens wrote about *Jarndyce* v. *Jarndyce* in his novel *Bleak House*. The most recent effort to alleviate the problem is Public Law 96-190, which was signed by the President on February 12. The modest purpose of the new

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law is to encourage "alternative dispute resolution systems," i.e., local arbitrators and mediators who will handle small claims and civil cases. To this end, $1 million would be allocated to local governments in the first year and $10 million in each of the next two years, with lower amounts the following two years. The money would be used to reduce court congestion by creating local mediation panels (or expanding those already in existence) that would handle the small-fry cases.

A similar program was recently advocated for New York by the state's Chief Judge, Lawrence H. Cooke. Under his proposal, civil cases involving claims of less than $6,000 would be diverted from courts to arbitration panels of lawyers. It is no surprise that judges are the foremost advocates of such panels, since they would be the chief beneficiaries of a reduced workload in the courts. Lawyers are also enthusiastic, since their participation is assured—even though these programs are touted as a nonlegalistic way of settling conflicts. Unheard from, however, are the citizens whose disputes are deemed beneath the notice of the courts. Perhaps that is of no great moment, since the right of appeal to the courts is preserved and arbitration is thus likely to be merely a prelude to litigation.

Just sixty years ago the same remedies—arbitration and informal dispute settlement—were hailed as the panacea for the same defects in the legal system. Small claims were diverted to conciliation tribunals; commercial disputes were arbitrated. Bench and bar anticipated renewed public confidence in the legal system once court congestion was reduced, minor disputes were resolved informally and lawyers participated in arbitration. Current reformers might heed the result as a warning: Within a decade, small-claims conciliation languished and commercial arbitration was a thoroughly legalized adjunct to the judiciary. Needless to say, court congestion and public dissatisfaction remained.

All such systems of arbitration and conciliation raise important questions that their advocates ignore. Do alternative forums actually divert disputes? Or do they attract different disputes, leaving untouched the vast unmet need for legal services? Are these forums likely to deflect energy from political organization by groups of people with grievances in common (e.g., tenants in slums or neighborhoods slated for redevelopment), or even discourage them from developing a litigation strategy that might offer more effective leverage for social and economic change? Since existing alternative forums primarily handle the "minor" disputes of poor people, is there not the grave danger (which current proposals are likely to worsen) of a two-track justice system? Legal justice will be reserved for the affluent and informal "justice" will be dispensed to the poor.

Reformers might consider the rich historical tradition of alternative dispute settlement in the United States. Arbitration flourished in seventeenth-century New England towns and among the Dutch in New Netherland. Churches often were at least as active as courts in resolving private disputes; several religious denominations, including Quakers and Jews, long retained a strong aversion to legal contentiousness or to secular courts. Some ethnic groups, like the Chinese, resolved their disputes internally for decades after their arrival in this country. Scandinavian immigrants tried to replicate conciliation procedures developed in Norway and Denmark. Commercial arbitration was revived by highly organized business and trade associations.

Comparison of the historical pattern with current developments is suggestive. Informal dispute settlement flourished when it was indigenous to strong, tight communities (whether defined by geography, religion, ideology or occupation). It expressed a cohesive communal experience that could not tolerate conflict. Community members would not relinquish their shared values to the rules and procedures of a formal legal system. Now, however, a highly sophisticated legal culture has supplanted its communal predecessors. Its attempt to impose informal dispute settlement must inevitably fail without the strong community base that no longer exists. Worse yet, it will discriminate against those who cannot afford legal services by reducing even further their opportunity to assert their legal rights.

Informal justice for those who are not wealthy is not a tolerable solution. The legal system must resolve its internal contradictions, not evade them with anachronistic reforms. Reformers should not once again reinforce invidious distinctions between those who are entitled to due process and equal justice and those who must settle for less. □

Jerold S. Auerbach is a visiting scholar at Harvard Law School and author of Unequal Justice *(Oxford University Press).*

Nile

(Continued From Front Cover)

tians, but, because their press is Government-controlled and the American press inattentive, most people in the United States do not realize how volatile Egypt's political situation is and the extent to which Sadat rules his poverty-stricken country with an iron hand. The common belief that Sadat presides over a stable democracy is false. The State Department, often critical of 99 percent victories in Communist elections, has been singularly quiet about Sadat's win by that margin in the June plebiscite—as it has been silent about the fact that Sadat has for years been operating under a State of Emergency with all civil liberties suspended.

The 99 percent plebiscite vote tally is, of course, misleading, and claims that the election results were fraudulent beside the point. The same exuberant crowds I saw turn out in Cairo last April for Sadat's triumphant return from Washington, buoyed by the hope that America would now join Saudi Arabia in giving vast aid to Egypt, would as readily cheer Sadat's anti-American successor. A large proportion of Egypt's politicians, students and intellectuals do not support Sadat's policies and three foreign ministers as well as

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several other high-ranking officials have resigned in relatively short order. As the Presidential campaign makes it awkward for Carter to push Israel any further, Sadat's difficulties are bound to increase. And with increase of those difficulties comes an increase in repression.

Egypt has for years been governed under a State of Emergency. Not only is there a controlled press but also the present State of Emergency allows political cases to be tried under national security laws and accords President Sadat vast powers over the judiciary, including the right to refer cases to military courts and to ratify the decisions of special tribunals concerning political cases. This means, in practice, that Sadat may veto a court decision in any political case. An example was his veto of a court decision in 1976 acquitting nineteen people accused of political crimes. They were later retried and convicted last year.

During 1977, new draft legislation, based on Islamic law and supported by Sadat, provided, among other things, for the death penalty for any Moslems who changed their religion. The proposed legislation was opposed by members of the Coptic Christian community, and several Copts were arrested after having expressed their opposition to it. All were released by the end of October 1977, and the legislation was temporarily shelved.

On January 18 and 19, 1977, food riots erupted all over the country, the most serious demonstrations of opposition to the Egyptian Government yet. Hundreds of buildings were set on fire, about eighty people killed and nearly 2,000 arrested. These included lawyers, journalists, students, workers and members of the left-wing National Progressive Unionist Party (one of the three legal political organizations whose transformation into political parties was authorized after elections to the People's Assembly in October 1976).

Following the riots, which were touched off by a Government announcement that subsidies on basic commodities were to be cut, causing bread prices to triple, Law 2 of 1977 was introduced and, in a February 10 referendum, was allegedly approved by the vast majority of the population. Under this law, "participation in or incitement of riotous assembly or public disorder" is punishable by a maximum sentence of life imprisonment with hard labor. The same penalty is applicable to participation in or intent to establish a clandestine or military organization hostile to the social system, and to "workers deliberately striking by agreement among themselves for the achievement of a common aim which could be damaging to the national economy." Those who spoke out against the law were jailed.

Martin Garbus, a lawyer who has reported on civil liberties issues in South Africa, the Soviet Union and many other countries, worked on behalf of Anatoly Shcharansky and other Soviet dissidents in 1977. A former associate director of the American Civil Liberties Union, he has taught at both Yale and Columbia University law schools and is the author of Ready for the Defense *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux).*

Norman Birnbaum, Blair Clark, Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook, Terrence Des Pres, E.L. Doctorow, Richard Falk, Jules Feiffer, Tom Ferguson & Joel Rogers, Frances FitzGerald, James Goodman & Dorothy Samuels, Philip Green, Christopher Hitchens, Leonard Kriegel, Robert Lekachman, Penny Lernoux, Sanford Levinson, Carey McWilliams, Aryeh Neier, Marcel Ophuls, Nora Sayre, Robert Sherrill, Calvin Trillin, Kurt Vonnegut, Alan Wolfe **write it.**

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In May 1978, a new law on "national unity and social peace" was promulgated. This vague and sweeping law, also approved by referendum, states that any person found guilty of "violating national unity," "social peace" or the country's democratic socialist principles may be barred from political life. The ban also applies to persons who participated in the "corruption of political life"—including those who held leading positions in political parties—before the 1952 revolution. In addition, the law introduces new measures to discipline the press, stating that persons who write articles harmful to national interests, or detrimental to social peace and national unity, will be guilty of corruption and endangering national unity and social peace.

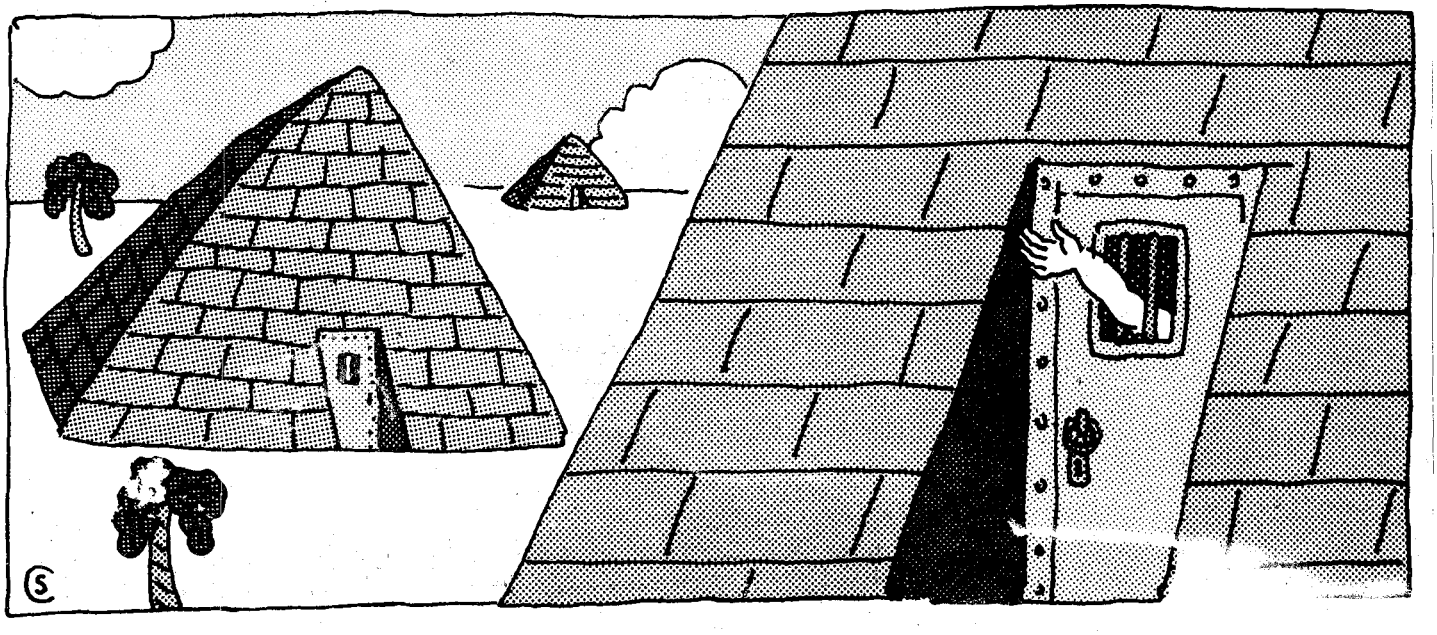
The law was immediately put into effect. The week after it was approved, it was announced that more than sixty Egyptian journalists, including many working abroad, were to be investigated by the Socialist Prosecutor General because of articles they had written that were considered to be "defamatory to Egypt and threatening the security of the home front." In addition, five well-known journalists were forbidden to leave the country, and two members of the People's Assembly—Abdul Fattah Hassan, a member of the New Wafd Party, and Abu Al Ezz Al Hariri, a member of the left-wing National Progressive Unionist Party—were expelled. Earlier in 1978, another member of the New Wafd Party, Sheik Ashour Mohammed Masr, had his seat taken away for allegedly making abusive remarks on the assembly floor. At the beginning of June 1978, the New Wafd Party, which had been formed in February 1978, decided to dissolve, and the National Progressive Unionist Party decided to suspend its activities in protest against the new measures.

By August 1979, several months after Camp David, the June plebiscite and the Saudis' cutoff of aid, criticism of Sadat's policies intensified. Fearful that this criticism might lead to widespread agitation, the police, on August 16, 1979, arrested more than sixty people, including twenty-three members of the National Progressive Unionist Party and most of the Egyptian board of Amnesty International. The homes of those arrested were searched before their arrest. Among those detained were the noted journalist Rifaat el Said and four members of parliament.

The National Progressive Unionist Party is the legal leftist party established by the Government, although the Minister of the Interior, Mohammed Nabawi Ismail, charged the detainees with belonging to an underground Communist Party. Most of those arrested had criticized Sadat's peace policy as showing little concern for Palestinians and deprecated Sadat's plans for desert cities along the Nile, with housing and bread for all, as a political mirage. Ismail replied that the arrests in Cairo, Alexandria, Tanta and Zagazig were necessary because those jailed had "Communist goals." He added that they were conspiring to create disturbances similar to the food riots of 1977.

The claims of the Government have been vague since that date. Although most of the defendants were put in solitary confinement (and then went on hunger strikes), no formal charges were filed and no serious evidence was produced. The Government's action was aimed solely at limiting the right of freedom of speech; no overt acts of any kind were alleged. In justifying the arrests, the official Government newspaper, *The Egyptian Gazette*, reported that documents seized by the police showed that those jailed "had been assisting in a number of magazines and papers published abroad attacking Egypt." Amnesty International claimed, in September 1979, that at least twenty of those apprehended were considered by Amnesty to be "prisoners of conscience."

Massive American aid and joint military planning, agreed upon at Camp David, as well as events in Iran and Afghanistan, mean that America's influence will be more heavily felt in Cairo. Egypt is, in many ways, more important to the United States' long-term interest than Israel, and more responsive to our pressure. While it is an oversimplification to claim that we have direct responsibility for the present repression, Sadat must listen to the payer of his bills. It is time we spoke out on the issues of corruption and human rights in Egypt. □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Art and Agitprop

DEDRA HAUSER

For nine years, the New York Street Theater Caravan has been traveling around the country performing for poor and working-class audiences. Their itinerary might serve as a map of social movements over the past decade: ghettos, prisons, migrant labor camps, Indian reservations, mining and textile towns. Drawing characters from their travels and from history, they've created an original repertory of plays and skits that pose radical questions about our society.

What first impressed me about the caravan is its durability: in an era that has produced countless obituaries of the New Left, the caravan has survived and even prospered; in a culture where art and politics are always an uneasy mix, it won an Obie and a wide following in the United States. Two years ago the troupe's commercial success in Europe enabled them to stop working at second jobs and devote full time to the caravan.

Last summer I joined the caravan on a tour of the South. I had never seen their work, but was attracted by their history and by their director, Marketa Kimbrell. A fiercely dedicated woman in her early 50s, she created the caravan after dropping out of a successful acting career in films, television and on and off Broadway. She starred with people like George C. Scott and Claude Rains, and Sidney Lumet cast her as the pawnbroker's girlfriend in his classic film, *The Pawnbroker*.

To start the caravan, Marketa became its director, producer, playwright and acting teacher. She recruited performers from two seedbeds of radicalism—prisons and universities. After nine years, the caravan is now a close-knit, democratic collective of people in their late 20s and early 30s. Most of the members have worked together for more than five years. Primarily middle-class and college-educated, their political experience began with the Vietnam War.

When I joined them last summer, the troupe was on its way to textile towns in North and South Carolina. Their main goal was to support the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union's (A.C.T.W.U.) campaign to unionize the J.P. Stevens Company. This was their eighth trip to the South, and their second year performing for textile workers.

In recent years I've heard many unsettling reports about A.C.T.W.U.'s ineffectual organizing efforts in the South. Perhaps the strongest criticism came from Eli Zivkovich, who ran the union's successful organizing drive at five Stevens plants in Roanoke Rapids. (The campaign, which led to the A.C.T.W.U.'s first election victory at Stevens, was portrayed in the movie *Norma Rae*.)

Zivkovich quit A.C.T.W.U. in disgust immediately after the election was won. In an interview last year he told me, "You can't boycott or litigate a union into place, which is what A.C.T.W.U. is trying to do. And you can't negotiate a decent contract when you only have a fraction of the workplace organized. I left A.C.T.W.U. because I felt they didn't have a serious organizing campaign."

Roanoke Rapids has come to symbolize A.C.T.W.U.'s problems with Stevens. Since the election victory there in 1974, the union has tried in vain to negotiate a contract for the Roanoke Rapids workers. In the meantime, it has channeled more energy and money into legal battles, a consumer boycott and a corporate campaign than into organizing the workers. And after six years, there are still nearly eighty plants unorganized, and the Roanoke workers still don't have a contract.

The Street Theater Caravan's itinerary last summer included a performance at a Roanoke Rapids union rally. A.C.T.W.U. was celebrating the fifth anniversary of its incomplete victory at the Stevens plants in Roanoke. The rally was to be the climax of a caravan tour that would take us to several Stevens plants.

This is a story about a small street theater group that dramatized some of the conflicts and contradictions in the labor movement. In doing this it portrayed a truth too controversial for A.C.T.W.U. It is also a story about the political and artistic avant-garde at large in America—its gains and its losses in reaching out to the diverse audience that nurtures it.

August 15. Knoxville, Tenn.

"The union tried to prevent us from performing at the Roanoke Rapids rally."

Ron Litman, the caravan member who organized this Southern tour, is bringing me up to date on our itinerary. We are standing in a small, crowded living room after a meeting. Our hosts in Knoxville are members of Fourth and Gill, a local activist group the caravan has worked with for three years. They have just filled us in on the performance schedule they have arranged—six shows in two days.

I am disappointed that there won't be any shows for Stevens workers in Knoxville. And Ron's news about trouble with A.C.T.W.U. fills me with foreboding.

A brash, funny, fast-talking 30-year-old, Ron gives me a detailed account of his encounter with the union. "When I heard about the rally, I called an A.C.T.W.U. organizer we know in Roanoke Rapids, Clyde Bush. He said all performances at the rally had to be cleared through headquarters in New York. The guy in New York told me they don't want any outsiders going down South to disturb the equilibrium —as if they're not outsiders. So I went back to Clyde, and he put me in touch with the regional director of the Stevens campaign, Rich Rothstein."

Ron rolls his eyes and sighs. "Rothstein said he saw our work last summer and liked it very much—but. He objected to our football skit. [The skit portrays a football game between management and labor in which the goal is a contract. The union uses a strategy of solidarity to win.] He said the union doesn't want to be portrayed fighting management. Get this, they want to be shown as a disinterested third party representing the rights of workers. Do you believe this shit? Anyway, he finally agreed to let us perform at the rally, if we sent him skit summaries in advance for their approval."

His story over, Ron shrugs and excuses himself to make a phone call. Enveloped in a haze of jet lag, I don't even want to think about the implications of his story. Instead, I survey the

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people I will be spending the next two weeks with. The troupe numbers eight people—smaller than usual. There are five men and three women, including Marketa, who rarely performs. Dressed in overalls or khaki pants, they look windblown and elated after a daylong drive from West Virginia. After weeks on the road, first in Europe, then to and from the Sioux Indian reservation in South Dakota, only Marketa shows signs of exhaustion. Her body looks stiff and her eyes glassy.

August 16

It is noon on a balmy Thursday. Workers stream out of the Knoxville Glove Factory, a long, low, brick building. It is a small unionized plant owned by an expatriate New Yorker with a benevolent reputation. A group of women, mostly white and over 35, settle down on a small porch to eat lunch and watch the show. They glance shyly at the caravan, whispering among themselves.

As the performers set up props and instruments in an empty cement parking lot below the porch, I look uneasily from audience to actors, from polyester to denim. The caravan opens with a hot jazz song, "Way Out Willie," played on saxophone, congas, guitar and harmonica. After the opening riff, Ron and Valerie Knight, an animated black woman wearing a leotard, begin to swivel their hips and clap their hands. They are grinning with pleasure.

For a minute the women in the audience look embarrassed. But then Ron and Valerie teach them a simple series of hand movements called the hand jive—"so we're not the only ones looking silly." Setting aside their sandwiches, the women giggle and join in. Soon the whole audience is moving to the music.

Tim Kirkpatrick introduces the first skit, *Silent Movie*. A blue-eyed man with unruly hair who dons black sunglasses to play the sax, Tim seems almost shy as he talks about the skit's theme: violence.

A cardboard sign announces "A Day in the Life . . ." and Tyrone Hendrix appears, greeted by laughter. A compact black man with a neatly trimmed beard and long-suffering expression, he is dressed in a torn, oversized jacket and well-worn fedora.

Silent Movie is the story of a poor working Joe, a Chaplinesque character who is besieged by bad luck. After being bawled out by his sleazy boss and pickpocketed in the crowded New York subway, he goes home to a bratty kid, frazzled wife and burnt dinner.

After a wet, sloppy greeting from son and dog, Tyrone sniffs the air suspiciously. Discovering his burnt dinner, he explodes. He punches his wife (Linda Segura), who smacks her kid, who beats the dog (played by Tim on all fours). The chain is repeated, each blow punctuated by the beat of a drum. The audience is in stitches.

The laughter dies away as the action slows down to an excruciating slow-motion dance of brutality. Linda's eyes roll and her body stiffens as Ty's fist crunches against her jaw. Ron, as the kid, clings pitifully to his mother's apron, swaying and howling soundlessly, "Ma—ah—ah—ahmy." The actors freeze in a gyration of pain.

A woman catches my eye with a look of horrified recognition on her face, then turns away in shame. It is deathly silent in the parking lot. A raw feeling hangs in the air.

The actors come back to life and to the realm of slapstick as the family gangs up on the dog, strangling, kicking and punching him in a final comic tableau. Amid wild applause, a woman furtively wipes tears from her eyes.

The audience watches the rest of the show with rapt attention—a nuclear power skit, a melodrama about Stevens and a medley of textile and working songs. The Stevens skit offends me a bit. When Ted Hannan introduces it by inviting the audience to cheer the good guys and boo the bad guys, I wonder if the audience doesn't feel talked down to by this handsome, patrician-looking blond in white painter's pants. And the skit is a bit silly, deliberately so. The Stevens character, dressed in black cape and top hat, drops like a fly in a fight with the union man, costumed as Superman.

But the audience appears to enjoy it thoroughly, booing and cheering with gusto. As they hiss the villainous boss, a few women glance sidelong at their own employer, who is standing purse-lipped near the factory door. At the end of the performance, a knot of women surge forward to shake hands.

After the caravan packs up, the factory owner gives us a tour of his plant. A sportily dressed, middle-aged man, he blithely ignores the political content of the show, which obviously wasn't to his taste. "I really like to bring in live entertainment for my employees," he says with a wink. "Last year we had a belly dancer perform."

The women work on the second floor of the plant, in a high-ceilinged, well-ventilated room. Hunched over sewing machines, their arms and shoulders move in jerky fits and starts, tensed with concentration. Along another row, standing women work at a killing pace to shape gloves over rotating, shiny metal hands. Our tour guide smiles benevolently. "Most of my girls are very happy. It's only the ones with a high school education that don't last."

As we file solemnly out of the factory, I remember asking Marketa how the caravan's work has been changed by its interaction with audiences. "We romanticize our characters less," she told me, "as we have come to better understand their world and their tools of survival."

August 17

5:45 A.M. at the WATE Television studio. The talk show host, a dapper-Dan type, looks aghast as the caravan members straggle in like an exotic band of gypsies. They carry in a khaki-colored metal box, a ladder, a trunk and a bedraggled piece of cardboard spray-painted silver with the words "Nuclear Power" printed in bold black letters. The host greets us with a wan smile and bustles off to interview two mumbling Jaycees, the first guests on his live half-hour program.

To introduce the caravan's performance, he interviews Marketa. Dressed in lavender overalls, she sits demurely beside him, smiling her sad, abstracted smile. He asks how she came to start the caravan. She tells him about being blacklisted by CBS after she was arrested for participating in a demonstration against nuclear weapons. Her voice is a soft, breathy purr, her accent European. She says the producers gave her a chance to redeem herself by performing in an anti-Communist TV show about Poland. "I couldn't bring myself to do it."

Marketa's politics have caused her trouble throughout her adult life. A Czechoslovakian refugee who came here in 1953, she was denied U.S. citizenship until this year, originally because she had the wrong friends in Hollywood during the McCarthy era. When she was blacklisted from television in the early 1960s, Marketa was a widow supporting three young sons. As a member of the Lincoln Center Reper-

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tory Theater, she says she was physically assaulted by the stagehands because of her militant pro-Vietcong stance. Even the caravan has been penalized because of politics, according to Marketa. The troupe lost all its foundation grants after Marketa was quoted in a theater magazine saying she supported Che Guevara.

"Don't you think artists shouldn't take sides in social squabbles?" the smiling talk show host asks her. Her response is an emotional description of the group's trip to the Sioux reservation this summer. "The Indians are fighting to protect their ancestral lands from corporations which want to mine uranium on it. You can't help but take sides in their struggle. . . . We went there to learn from them and we plan to make a play about their lives."

The interview over, the cameras roll around to film the nuclear power skit. Called *The American Horror Story*, it is a hilarious story of greedy businessmen, craven scientists and mindless consumers. Even the somnolent Jaycees laugh as the troupe sings an ironic disco paean to consumerism.

Later that evening

Dressed in dark, heavy minstrel costumes, the caravan is assembling props on a small, neatly manicured public school lawn. It is a sultry, golden Southern evening.

This will be their second performance of a new play, *The Molly Maguires*, about a secret society of Irish Catholic terrorists. Like the rest of their work, *Molly* was created through a lengthy process of group improvisation, directed and shaped by Marketa. For months she steeped herself in the history and lore of the Mollies, who killed landlords in Ireland and mine bosses in the coal fields of Pennsylvania.

There are a lot of white-haired ladies in the audience, a row of local black activists and many Knoxville friends of the caravan. Scores of children run between rows of folding chairs. The performers take turns wandering through the audience singing songs, joking with one another and performing a puppet show. Tyrone is in a tree, struggling to hang a heavy rope noose from a branch. Marketa is sitting in the audience, her eyes shiny with excitement.

Over the past two days, I have talked with Knoxvilleans at a pot-luck lunch, a housing project, a technical college, and heard them discuss street repair and mulching at a community meeting with the Mayor. Tonight I am almost afraid of their reaction to this play. In previous years, the caravan plays, which include an adaptation of *The Grapes of Wrath* and the story of Sacco and Vanzetti, have been very well received around the country. But *Molly* is by far their most radical play, openly sympathetic to terrorists. As Marketa explained to me, "I wanted to make a play about terrorism, showing its roots in desperation and powerlessness."

The play begins. The performers introduce themselves as a band of minstrels. Through a series of tableaux, they dramatize and comment on the oppression and exploitation that drove the Mollies to commit acts of terrorism. In Ireland, they tell us, the Irish Catholics were forbidden to own property or hold religious ceremonies. During the great potato famine, the peasants faced starvation and eviction by British landlords who hoarded rotting grain in their barns.

Fleeing the law and pursuing the immigrant's dream of a promised land, they emigrate to America. They are swallowed up by the coal mines, virtually enslaved by their bosses. Their union is brutally crushed by a conspiracy of businessmen. A hundred men are buried alive when their boss seals a mine shaft to protect his property after an explosion.

The play is permeated by richly evocative Catholic rituals and Irish music. A high-spirited Catholic wedding is held secretly in a barn, celebrated with song and dance. When British soldiers break into the barn and murder the bridegroom, the audience gasps with horror.

The horror is unrelenting. The Mollies murder their bosses to revenge the mine deaths, and the minstrels ask the audience: "Who are the terrorists, the miners who killed nine men, or the mine bosses responsible for the murder of more than 100 miners?"

The play ends on the day the Mollies were hanged. The public execution is a surrealistic carnival haunted by a hawker peddling "blood-red roses" for the condemned Mollies. The audience looks drained and bewildered. They quickly disappear down the tree-lined residential street.

I am numb. It is a strange, somehow frightening play. Overcomplicated by flashbacks and overloaded with anguish, it is nonetheless riveting. The violence of the Mollies builds so organically and seems so inevitable that I cannot condemn them. And yet the play seems doomed to alienate most audiences with its radical perspective. (The current production of *Molly* in New York City is a very different play, restructured into a Brechtian musical that left me feeling moved and exhilarated rather than numb.)

August 18

An affectionate farewell meeting with our Knoxville hosts is turning into an ugly political confrontation. It begins when Bill Murrah, a leader of the Fourth and Gill group, criticizes Marketa for mentioning on television that she was arrested. "The minute people hear that down here they don't respect you." But the real issue is Marketa's statement on TV about being blacklisted and refusing to act in an anti-Communist program.

Quietly, Bill explains his philosophy of community organizing. "The way you activate people is to meet them on their own ground. You have to carefully choose when to shock them. . . . I

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don't think honesty is always the best policy."

Rigid with anger, Marketa defends her honesty. "I realize that Communism is a dirty word in this country. That's why the Government was able to send millions of Americans to Vietnam to kill Communists. . . . But we as a theater believe the problems of oppression and poverty in this country are based on a system that's wrong—capitalism—and that system has to be changed. And I feel that if your work is not grounded in an ideology, you're nothing more than do-gooders."

Bill's deep-set eyes narrow. "Where this leaves us," he says, "is that I'm not sure we can have you representing us in this community."

Back and forth, the argument drags on without any resolution. Finally the subject is dropped and both sides take pains to reaffirm their friendship. Ron tells the story of his run-in with A.C.T.W.U. The Knoxville people commiserate, decrying the conservatism of the union. Parallels to this afternoon's discussion go unmentioned. One woman makes a remark that I will hear again and again from Southern activists. "Lousy union that they are, they're the only show in town down here."

August 20. Columbia, S.C.

It's the caravan's day off, and we're hiding from the heat in the motel room. Marketa is sitting in bed, surrounded on all sides by books and papers, blissfully working on a revision of *The Molly Maguires*, based on feedback from Knoxville people and her own reaction to the performance. She will spend a large portion of the tour in this posture, bathed in a small circle of light, working late into the night.

Ron is using the phone in our room to confirm performance arrangements over the next week. With an abrupt jerk he cups his hand over the phone and hisses, "Marketa, this is Clyde Bush from Roanoke Rapids on the phone. Our performance at the rally has been canceled. He says they needed the time for another speaker. I asked if we could perform outside the rally."

Marketa snaps out of her reverie and asks for the phone. She looks furious. "Clyde, we drove thousands of miles to perform for Stevens workers, because we support *your* organizing campaign. You should know us well enough to realize we're not going to let the New York office keep us from the workers. . . . O.K., go ahead and call them, but you know we're going to be there either way."

A few minutes later the phone rings. The caller refuses to talk to Marketa, insisting that Ron come to the phone. After a brief conversation, Ron makes a droll face and announces: "That was Beck from the union's New York office. He thanks us for our support and says he looks forward to seeing us outside the rally."

August 22. Laurens, S.C.

A small county seat with several textile plants, Laurens is the prettiest town we've been in so far, with an old-fashioned town square dominated by a colonial courthouse. The streets are deserted except for a small knot of black men standing outside a storefront poolroom.

The union hall, on the edge of a wealthy residential neighborhood, looks like a converted diner. We are greeted by Susan Sachen, a tall, tired-looking woman with gentle eyes and an exuberant, welcoming smile.

Inside, I notice a *Norma Rae* poster on the wall, with a hand-written sign saying the film was pulled out of the local movie house. Seeing me read the sign, Susan says, "The company has prevented the movie from being shown in several towns around here."

Susan mentions that she has talked with Rich Rothstein, but assures me the union isn't keeping workers away from the caravan. "Sure we could get a huge audience if the caravan performed at the Stevens gate during shift change. But it would be a black audience, and none of the white workers would come around. It took us six months to get a white person to come down to the union hall, and we can't win an election without their support." (About one-third of the workers in this plant are black.)

After the six o'clock show, I accompany Susan to her motel. Sitting outside his room, nursing a beer, organizer Jimmy Smith talks despairingly about their campaign. "These are a different class of people. I've worked in a Coca-Cola bottling plant and organized for the Machinists, but I've never seen anything like these folks. They go to work and they go home, that's all they know. They couldn't even tell you how to get to the south side of town, because they never been there. A lot of 'em can't even read or write, and they think they owe everything they got to J.P. They pass down union stories from the 30s. We just can't figure out how to get through to these people."

Susan nods glumly. Jimmy is raising issues no one likes to talk about. It's easier to blame J.P. "Is Stevens bearing down hard on the workers to keep out of the union?" I ask. Ernestine Spencer, a black organizer who worked for years in a unionized factory, chortles. "Oh, no, the company's latest tactic here is to give fish-fry dinners and organize baseball teams. We can't get anyone to come to meetings because they're out playing baseball."

Susan and I retire to her motel room for a rest before the midnight show. Awake since 6:30 this morning to leaflet workers at the early shift change, she is gray with fatigue.

"How do you keep going, Susan?"

There is a long silence before she answers. "When I joined A.C.T.W.U., they stationed me in Greenville, Stevens's Southern headquarters. The year and a half I spent there felt like a lifetime. It took us six months just to rent a union hall, because that whole community is so antiunion. Laurens is better; Stevens doesn't seem quite so overwhelming here. But to answer your question, I look for every little victory and try to read progress in the tiniest things. You have to realize that this campaign has been going on for fifteen years and almost nothing has happened."

Driving back to the union hall, I wonder what the caravan can give Stevens workers in one evening. Undereducated, underpaid and overworked for generations, the mill workers inhabit a subculture that is often impenetrable to the people who want to save mill hands from their lot.

A few minutes into the show, my question is answered as the caravan gives its best performance yet. For the first time I understand one of the troupe's goals: "to give people a sense of their importance so they are less susceptible to being manipulated."

As people straggle into the hall, they look beaten down by a day of factory work, cotton in their hair and a dull glaze over their eyes. But the caravan is hot, and their excitement is contagious. The audience applauds when Linda expertly mimes the actions of a doffer (who changes bobbins on a loom) during the song, "Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues."

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The audience is mostly black, and Valerie gets them stomping their feet and clapping their hands as she sings and shouts slave spirituals. The performance begins to feel like a revival meeting. No one wants it to end so they keep calling for another song. Valerie keeps going until her voice is a scratchy whisper.

Tonight I can see why the caravan travels thousands of miles to perform for handfuls of workers in sweaty little union halls.

August 23. Charlotte, N.C.

The union headquarters in Charlotte is an imposing white colonial house on a large plot of land. We wait for Richard Rothstein in an elegantly furnished living room on the ground floor. It is cluttered with cardboard boxes and looks unused. The troupe is tense, prepared for a showdown.

Rothstein joins us, a neat, carefully dressed, balding man with a dark mustache and heavy New York accent. Politely, Marketa explains her concern that the union has tried to keep the caravan from Stevens workers. When Rothstein talks he ignores Marketa, addressing himself to Ron.

"My only concern was the Roanoke Rapids rally, as I explained to you on the phone, Mr. Litman. This is nothing more than a fraternal disagreement, you understand. We greatly appreciate your support and interest."

"Then why did you telephone the organizers in Rock Hill and Laurens?" Marketa asks him.

Confronted with his lie, Rothstein loses his impeccable composure for a minute. Recovering, he tells Ron, "We were concerned about the thematic content of your skits, and wanted to make sure our organizers understood the situation. As I told you, Mr. Litman, your football skit posed some real problems for us. You have to realize that the workers are scared, and we have reassured them by stressing the support they can expect from the N.L.R.B. Now we certainly have our problems with the board, but. . . ."

August 26

After a late start, we are barreling down the narrow road to Roanoke Rapids. Driving west from Kitty Hawk, the atmosphere is tense after a daylong meeting to resolve interpersonal problems, and a long rehearsal of Marketa's revised *Molly*. Feeling caught in the middle of a family fight, I would be happy to disappear.

After watching the troupe rehearse the play, I realized that it is the main preoccupation on this tour, even though it will only be performed once more in the South. As a result, they are insulated from and often unaware of the complex, thorny problems faced in the Stevens campaign.

We arrive at the rally late. Almost everyone has gone inside to hear the speeches. The troupe gives a brief, half-hearted performance on the sidewalk and we file inside to see the rally.

About 1,000 people are sitting on folding chairs in a large, antiseptic fluorescent-lit auditorium. Most of the audience is black, and many are dressed as if for church, the men in dark formal suits. Gray helium balloons with the words "We're still here, stronger than ever" hover and bob in midair.

A panel of white, middle-aged men with one token black is seated on a raised stage. Sol Stetin, the diminutive senior executive vice president of A.C.T.W.U., is delivering a thundering oration, the rise and swell of his voice bearing little relation to the words. When I tune in, the speech sounds like a declaration of solidarity with the textile industry, words of courtship from the labor movement. "We want Stevens to make higher profits. . . . We support the free enterprise system."

For a minute I feel like Alice in Wonderland, the world around me strangely off-balance. Looking around, I recognize the listless expressions of a bored but polite audience. No one bats an eyelash as Stetin rants and raves about his allegiance to the capitalist system. I wonder if anyone is listening. The women in the row next to me cluck at one another's babies. A man with a crew cut ties a balloon string around his son's finger and watches him fly the balloon like a kite.

CALIBRATIONS

Some movements, like the clock's
can't really be calibrated: pointless
to stare at the hands when you should sleep.
It's simply *a while* before you can identify
the scrap of light blinking through the room,
throwing angles fitfully into relief—
a firefly knocking the eaves for a way out
now that it's bumbled in, refugee
from smudge pots tufting a woolen dark.

They're to blanket the blooming orchard,
as if it were some delicate child,
with smoke against unseasonable cold.
Wrapped for the first watch,
your old friend's daughter looked
like his sturdy sisters, not the sapling
you were used to. So a girl's body
takes on the measure of a woman's;
her mind learns to work like her father's.
And you see in her something she can't remember.

A small plane, winking a red eye then a green,
crawls up the sky. After the old man
takes his turn, you're to busy yourself
nursing the little fires and not
stand stamping, whistling into your hands,
watching for the mercury's last drop.
Or a sorely welcome sun to relieve you.
Stumbling up to the house at dawn,
you'll come upon the night's kill,
winged creatures that didn't weather.

You'll fall on the couch, not even
removing your boots, not wanting bed
but to be wakened by father and daughter
rising again to their different chores.

Debora Greger

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After Stetin, the speeches become a droning blur. One man lectures the audience about why the union hasn't yet negotiated a contract for the Roanoke Rapids workers. A group of workers are given half a minute each to say a few words in support of the union cause. Gospel singers and a folk group perform.

I drift outside to rest my ears, and bump into Marketa, who is grinning gleefully. "Clyde Bush gave us permission to perform in the auditorium after the speeches, while the audience eats box lunches."

About half the original audience returns to see the caravan. Intent on their Kentucky Fried Chicken, many of them pay scant attention to the show, until, drawn in by laughter, they check it out.

After being talked down to for several hours, they respond with surprised delight. The caravan portrays their world with humor, sympathy and respect.

Even on a raised stage in this cavernous auditorium, the troupe establishes a rapport with the audience that is palpable. It starts with "Way Out Willie" and the hand jive, and builds to a climax with Valerie's husky rendition of "Marching to the Freedom Land." While the group is still performing, two union officials tear down the union banner behind the caravan and undress the stage. □

Dangerous Liaisons

MARTIN TUCKER

THE LIFE OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. *By Antony Alpers. The Viking Press. 398 pp. $16.95.*

Katherine Mansfield is more remembered today than read. She is the Gudrun of Lawrence's *Women in Love*, a cold beauty who leads men to destruction. She is also, in other people's eyes, a saint who died an early death in a utopian community under the guidance of the Russian mystic, Gurdjieff. Her reputation has dwindled so that today she claims at best minor status in the pantheon of modern English literature.

Partly to rescue her from that oblivion, but more because her life was filled with the moral ambiguities that plague the twentieth-century artist, Antony Alpers has written this "new" biography. He first published a biographical study of Mansfield in 1953, but now asserts that that job was a "youthful effort," and a misleading one because he wished to spare feelings of lovers, friends and acquaintances of Mansfield then still alive. After nine years of new digging into old stories, Alpers feels free to tell it all.

Although Alpers spends little time on formal criticism, he admits that no biography of a writer is meaningful without reference to artistic achievement. Revealing his tendency toward compromise, Alpers sets off the passages that "discuss the writing at any length" in such a way that "readers who insist may skip or skim them." The same compromising spirit is apparent in his concentration on the life: always he hears the popular horde at his back. Thus, he betrays his attitude—compassionate as he is to Mansfield, he takes a moral attitude toward her and her second husband, John Middleton Murry, that flavors (if not disflavors) the contents he sets forth.

In his foreword, Alpers states that a legitimate aim of biography is to make criticism more difficult. Certainly he has set forth facts that cause wonder and sympathetic questioning. He charges that Mansfield never liked "masculine men," or successful men; he shrinks Middleton Murry into a soft young man who needed "mothering." He finds both Murry and Mansfield guilty of self-absorption. He reveals that in print, in letters and in private conversation, Mansfield was attacked by Lawrence ("slut"), by Virginia Woolf (she accused Mansfield of using cheap perfume), Lytton Strachey, Bertrand Russell (with whom she had an erotic, if not sexual affair) and Wyndham Lewis.

But the year that *The Garden Party and Other Stories* appeared, Mansfield finally received her due. Critics became rapturous over her work, while she retired to a farm health-care institute at Fontainebleau and gave up writing. The last year of her life she was totally a student of Gurdjieff, and apparently a satisfied soul.

But what went before that final trip? Mansfield was born to well-to-do New Zealanders; she was educated at a finishing school in London and forced to return home by her parents, though allowed to depart again after two unhappy years. Her father provided an allowance for the rest of her life. She was promiscuous (if by that term is meant she had many affairs) and she carried on some of her liaisons during the time she was having affairs with others. She was bisexual. Her deepest love may have been for her devoted friend, Ida Baker, whom she met at her finishing school. Ultimately, it is clear that she loved both Ida and Murry but rejected or assimilated both in her final quest at Fontainebleau.

Her first marriage—to George Bowden—was sudden, and probably the result of her pregnancy by another man. That marriage lasted one day, to be followed by separation, then a brief reunion, and finally years of separation. Mansfield did not marry Murry until she had lived with him for many years; their affair began as a "handshaking" friendship. She was an older bohemian woman (she was 23) who offered him an apartment to share when he was a student at Oxford (he was 22). The difference in their ages is insignificant, but the gap in experience was one Murry could never close.

Mansfield had liaisons with most of the literary names of her day, and an admiration for D.H. Lawrence, who turned against her in wrath, probably because he thought her responsible for driving Murry away from him. But Murry, Alpers contends, remained faithful to Mansfield, and thereby rejected Lawrence because he had no real awareness of Lawrence's sexual yearnings. Murry's loyalty to Mansfield was based on providing her with an emotional sympathy.

In 1910, Mansfield contracted gonorrhea, which was not properly diagnosed till ten years later. She lost the child for whom she had first married; she had love affairs while living with Murry; she continued her relationship with Ida Baker to the end of her life, with Murry's acquiescence. When her mother found out about the affairs with women, she disinherited Katherine (though the annual allowance from her father continued). In sporadic physical agony for the last three years of her life, Mansfield died of tuberculosis of the lungs on January 9, 1923; she was 35 years old.

Martin Tucker is editor of Confrontation.

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How does Alpers's *Life* make "criticism more difficult"? It suggests at least two speculations. Mansfield's fiction was connected with her colonial Commonwealth exiled past—and her early despising and later acceptance of her roots. Her need to see things whole reveals her self-doubt, and may have brought about a connection in Mansfield's mind between physical health and moral worth. This gifted sophisticate, who charmed (and made jealous) London's demimonde, must have wondered endlessly about her affliction of tuberculosis. In this wonder she remained the child who sought (and never got) the affection of busy parents. She must have thought herself unworthy, and throughout her life Mansfield wrote saccharine letters to her father, abasing herself constantly.

Was she a liar, as some have charged? But her pleas to her father were not lies. She was crying out for a commitment of love. Though she rejected her mother, she wanted her mother to love her. Though she rejected New Zealand, she never left it completely behind. She wanted the country, and her family, always to keep in touch. The greatest tragedy in her life was the death of her brother in the World War I trenches.

Her search to regain the stability of home was never literary. Mansfield looked down on her reading as she looked down on everything worthy in herself. Her reading in any case, though it may have come in omnivorous bouts, was not coherent: she devoured books and spit out her criticism. Even at the end, she turned not to reading but to a universal system of love in which hands and garden and kitchen tools were the basic ingredients.

Her stories will live on because in them she presented life as limitation. Though she feared those limitations, she faced them courageously, and gave life to a whole new generation of writers who could take the foolish for their subjects, mock their fantasies and still feel compassion and anguish for themselves. She is really the progenitor of the elegant slice-of-life stories we have come to associate with *The New Yorker*. In sum, always afraid to laugh at herself, she overcame her trembling and achieved a state of joy.

Whatever its faults (a ruddy, coy style is the worst), Alpers's *Life* brings Mansfield and her conflicts alive, and hides any conventional wrath against her bohemianism. His technique is incisive, even though he also has an unfortunate tendency to apply Band-Aid explanations as cure-alls to continuing problems. One must be grateful for this new reminder of Mansfield's value, and this portrait of her as her most restless opponent. □

Elegy From The Front

HAYDEN CARRUTH

THE END OF IT. *By Mitchell Goodman. Second Chance Press. 285 pp. $5.95.*

"Fear is why we fought and what we found"—a line from a forgotten poem so perfectly alliterative in sound and sense that it could almost be a newly discovered fragment of Anglo-Saxon. And what does it not say about war that all writing in English has not said from *Beowulf* till the present?

Nothing, if one discounts the chauvinistic verses of the laureates and the rantings of a few nuts like Wyndham Lewis.

Great issues may be what agitate politicians, historians and even ordinary civilians, but those who fight wars do not remember issues. They remember fear. Fear of the enemy or fear of their countrymen; most often, both.

I myself, who have been a nonviolent anarchist from the age of 15, served voluntarily if reluctantly in World War II, sometimes called "Hitler's war." I did it because in trying to behave rationally (*O vanitas!*) I could not see what else to do, and now nearly forty years later I know no better, though I think about it a lot. One of the marvelous epigrams in Paul Goodman's *Empire City* comes to mind: "The duration will last longer than the war."

Empire City is not a war novel, however. A different novel, *The End of It*, by a different and unrelated Goodman, Mitchell Goodman, is what I wish to bring to notice here.

Fear, not heroism, then, heroism being only a branch of fear. Fear in all its mutations, fear overcome and overcoming, fear lived through to its very end. So the title of Mitchell Goodman's novel must be read in many meanings, ironically and straightly, the "end" as terminus and as objective. To say that *The End of It* is the best writing by an American about World War II is to say practically nothing, because we know the mediocrity of the rest. What I say is that *The End of It* is the only good writing by an American about our part in World War II, at least in prose. And by this I mean it is the only genuinely convincing and compelling war novel by someone of my generation that I have read.

It is a poetic novel. Not that its sentences are fancy or its imagery fanciful; rather, it is composed in the deep, strong cadences of elegy, which I associate with American, as against British, writing. I hear in the book echoes of John Bradford, John Woolman, parts of Hawthorne, Whitman of course (but not Melville), and then Willa Cather, William Carlos Williams, Delmore Schwartz. It is in that plain, strong tradition. Naturally it is about military action, the campaign in Italy, battles, death and horror and folly, political insanity in the broadest sense. But above

Hayden Carruth is a member of the staff of the Creative Writing Program at Syracuse University.

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all it is about fear. It is a work of psychologos, the spirit-word. It is a book of damage, an elegy.

Mitchell Goodman served in the Army during World War II, but only in this country. His book was written after the fact. It was invented, imagined, i.e., a work of art. And have not almost all great war novels, from the *Iliad* to *The Red Badge of Courage*, been written after the fact and by noncombatants? Fear is too close and devastating. The real artistic imagination cannot survive it.

The End of It was first published in 1961, and did quite well at the time. Recently, for any number of reasons, including the author's commitment to political action, it has been somewhat lost to view, which is why its republication now by the Second Chance Press is so important, though the publisher's name grates a little. The work of art is there. It will not be changed by chances, first, second, or whatever; and publishers (and reviewers) are less important than they think. Still, one must be practical. I am glad to have *The End of It* publicly available again, and I hope many new readers will discover it, and one or another of the big paperback publishers as well, and then translators and film producers—in short, anyone who can help make known the single American masterpiece about our most dreadful war. I call it "most dreadful" not simply for its massive destructiveness but for its moral complexity. *The End of It* is a classic of American literature; we must treat it as such, and if we do not we will have failed exactly where we have failed too many times already.

The quotation at the beginning of this review is from a poem by Hubert Creekmore. □

FILMS

Clair de Femme
Hide in Plain Sight
A Small Circle of Friends

ROBERT HATCH

Clair de Femme is a sharp departure for Costa-Gavras, known in the United States for *The Sleeping Car Murders* and especially for three political melodramas: *Z*, *The Confession* and *State of Siege*. The present film, which the director adapted from a Romain Gary novel, is a love story, a lugubrious one.

The proceedings open on Michel (Yves Montand), in a state of painful indecision, looking woebegone as only Montand can. He is at Charles de Gaulle Airport, having booked for Caracas, but he turns back at the boarding gate, takes a cab into Paris and bumps into Lydia (Romy Schneider), spilling her groceries onto the pavement. They repair to a café and begin—with oracular pronouncements—the investigation of each other that constitutes the substance of the film. Lydia senses—what the least acute observer might detect at fifty yards—that Michel is sorely depressed. With compassion, and being herself in a similar state, she gives him her name and address, gathers up her things and departs.

Michel lingers to strike up an acquaintance with a gentlemanly animal trainer (the late Romolo Valli), a passionately lonely man accompanied by a poodle who is said to worry that his master may predecease him. This melancholy pair reappear from time to time, symbolizing the spiritual devastation from which Michel and Lydia glimpse in each other the possibility of escape. Gradually they reveal the torments that beset them; tentatively, almost guiltily, each dares to accept the support of the other. At the end one may hope that by pooling the resources left to them they will manage to go on with their lives.

The film is well played by a pair of very subtle actors, and the story may have made an affecting novel. I am less than sure, though, that *Clair de Femme* succeeds as a film; it is often moving, but often, also, it is tedious. Eric Rohmer proved with *My Night at Maud's* that an absorbing picture could be built almost entirely of conversation, but in that case the talk was pungent and the characters high-strung; their very presence together generated excitement. In *Clair de Femme*, by contrast and necessarily, the dialogue is morose, the central characters slump, and sorrow becomes a kind of boredom, repetitious. It is painful to watch Michel driving himself in irresolute circles toward exhaustion, but the fact is that mute suffering cannot be relied on to arouse sympathy for its victim. It is often estranging, and I feel it becomes so here. Costa-Gavras is a bold director who has dared to film the flaccidity of anguish. He has caught it with the psychological accuracy that consistently marks his work. On that ground, we should perhaps judge *Clair de Femme* a fine work, but my hunch is that the human condition with which it deals does not really engage the resources of the screen.

James Caan both directs and plays the lead in *Hide in Plain Sight*. He is a seasoned actor, but this is his first job of direction and, though he has made an absorbing film out of a true story (script by Spencer Eastman from a book by Leslie Walker), the lack of experience shows. It shows in the discrepancy between Caan's own acting and the performances he gets from the cast that supports him. His character has resonance; Caan plays a type (American blue-collar), but gives it individuality and shows it growing under stress. The other players are efficient at their jobs, but not enough is asked of them. Anyone who goes to the movies at all regularly can spot them at first glance—the harassed floozy, the stalwart friend, the tough but decent cop, the petty gangster with the big mouth, everybody's sweetheart—and nothing they do adds substance to their stock parts. The film succeeds because Caan carries it on his excellent shoulders.

Hide in Plain Sight recounts a series of events that occurred in Buffalo in 1967 and thereafter. A minor member of the local mob (Robert Viharo) committed a robbery on his own initiative, bungled it, was jailed and then persuaded by a Justice Department zealot and a local detective (Kenneth McMillan) to testify against his bosses in exchange for a suspended sentence and a new identity in a distant city. He appears in court and is whisked away, taking with him the divorced wife of Thomas Hacklin Jr., whom he has recently married, and the Hacklins' two small children. Hacklin, (Caan), who loves his kids, feels he has been clobbered and demands his rights. However, the government, from the local officers in Buffalo to his representative in Washington, blocks Hacklin at every turn. What he does, impelled by his growing anxiety and rising anger, and how it turns out in the end, is the content of *Hide in Plain Sight*.

It is a great story of broad relevance, a contest between the state acting in what it deems to be the general welfare and a citizen fighting against a gross injury. And it appears to have been accurately recorded, with one major exception: the film takes place in eighteen months, whereas the real Hacklin's travail lasted

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eight years. That makes a big difference. Aside from the psychological wear and tear of an anger that extends over years rather than months, there is the matter of the children's ages. They were 7 and 3 when they vanished from Buffalo; eighteen months later they are seen to be not much changed, but in fact the boy was 15 and the girl 11 when their father found them. In the film Hacklin and his kids are reunited; in real life they must have met again, as it were, for the first time.

Be that as it may, Caan plays the part with insight into how a strong, relatively uncomplicated man behaves when he is confused and frustrated in a matter that touches him deeply. The other actors somewhat take the edge off his intensity, suggesting by their dutiful performances of standard roles that the screen has come up with yet another cliffhanger. In the end, Caan prevails, but if he had known as much about directing as he does about acting he might have turned in a remarkable first film.

Those wanting to be reminded, or informed, of what it was like to be an undergraduate in the years when the campuses were boiling are advised to see *The War at Home* (reviewed here March 22) and not to draw any conclusions from *A Small Circle of Friends*. This latter product purports to take place at Harvard at a time when cohabitation had lately been added to the curriculum and the more trigger-brained students were repairing to cellars to assemble bombs of doubtful reliability. It is insensitive, I know, to be facetious about a chaotic and painful period in our recent past, but *A Small Circle of Friends* is a facetious movie.

Brad Davis plays Leo DaVinci, the lovably subversive upholder of his namesake's reputation for innovative brilliance; Jameston Parker is Nick Baxter, one of the Rover Boys' more personable friends, and Karen Allen, as Jessica, is unable to choose between them and so beds them both. For background color there are demonstrations of the sort deplored by university administrations. Though I never attended Harvard, I will assert that neither did this film's trio of pranksters. It is a safe enough statement, for they are not people—and students are people, whatever the alumni may say to the contrary—but plums in a romantic pudding. It was vivaciously directed by Rob Cohen from a script by Ezra Sacks. □

THEATER

Save Grand Central
Milk of Paradise
Walter and The Flatulist
Marie and Bruce

HAROLD CLURMAN

Besides such Off Broadway theaters as the Public, the Theatre de Lys, etc., there are in New York more than sixty Off Off Broadway organizations—they constitute an alliance and, in all sorts of locations and environments, they are more or less steadily in action. I have been invited to nearly all of them. If I were free every afternoon and evening, seven days a week, I should still be unable to attend even half their productions. (Only *The Village Voice* has enough reviewers to cover the field.) These Off Off productions act as a safety valve for actors, playwrights and directors eager to vent ambitions which are blocked by the regular Broadway impasse. I do what little I can to keep in contact and take note of some of the more salient offerings—most often literally ephemeral.

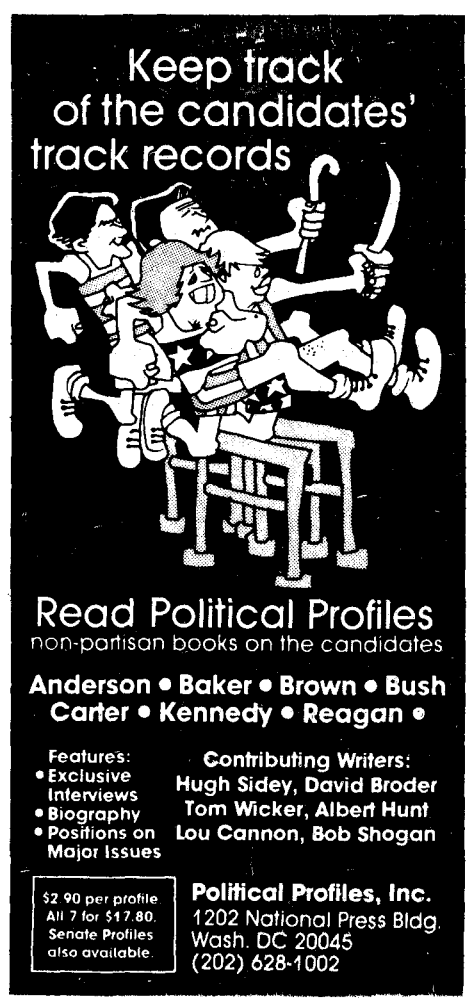
They are, to be sure, only rarely rewarding. But that is also true of the goods at the more prominent markets of Broadway. I have recently made an effort to pick up the slack in my attendance at the Off Off Broadway shows; though I can by no means be sure that I have visited the best of them. Nevertheless . . .

William Hamilton, a well-known cartoonist, has written a play, *Save Grand Central* (Phoenix Marymount Theater), which frequently provokes gratified smiles. The cartoonist's spirit is evident throughout Hamilton's jape, which is both an asset and a weakness. The plot is inconsiderable: a woman of vague but hungering idealism committed to civic causes—"Save Grand Central" and others—is married to a correct, obtuse and prosperous lawyer whose fundamental indifference to her as a person makes her fall in love with a former beau, an architect whose very profession gives him a glowing aura in her eyes. The architect has opened a restaurant, which he calls the *Le Corbusier*. The lawyer, who is in charge of the property occupied by the restaurant, wants to replace it with a commercially more solvent enterprise.

The architect is married to the daughter of a Communist count; she is beautiful and particularly attracted to money. A crisscross of circumstances ensues: when the architects's wife (pregnant by him) learns that her husband is having an affair with the lawyer's wife, she begins to endear herself to the affluent lawyer, and the architect in turn exchanges her for the would-be savior of Grand Central, who is enamored of his (the architect's) verbose loftiness.

This may sound more complicated than it is: the plot is not the point; the dialogue is. But that dialogue is hardly living speech; it is largely composed of the kinds of captions that accompany *New Yorker* cartoons. They supposedly capture metropolitan silliness among the educated and well-heeled. The play therefore amuses in the same fashion cartoons do, and thus provides the lightest of light entertainments: literate and pleasantly inconsequential, airily sophisticated—a neat cocktail rather than a full repast.

Save Grand Central is artfully directed by Gene Saks and nicely acted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by a well-chosen cast, of which I especially appreciated Jill Eickenberry's characterization of the money-hungry architect's wife. Remak Ramsay is perfect as the uptight lawyer who has trouble with his back and is given to speaking in smatterings of foreign tongues.

There were relatively few American women playwrights before, let us say, Lillian Hellman. Offhand, I recall only Anna Cora Marmott, whose *Fashion* was an outstanding event in 1845; Rachel Crothers, whose 1911 *He and She* will soon be revived at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; Clare Kummer, whose *A Successful Calamity* starred William Gillette in 1917; Zoe Akins, whose *Déclassée* was a hit with Ethel Barrymore in 1919, and Maurine Watkins, whose *Chicago* in 1926 was the basis for a smash musical several seasons ago.

Recently, an increasing number of women have begun to emerge as playwrights. To encourage them, the American Place Theatre has instituted The Women's Project as part of its activities. The latest and apparently most successful of its productions is *Milk of Paradise* by Sallie Bingham. Bingham is a native of Louisville, Kentucky, and the author of two collections of short stories.

Milk of Paradise has something of a short-story nature, but nevertheless functions as a unified play. It deals with a well-to-do family in the "upper South" in the summer of 1917. Everyone in the house on the hill in a small country town—the black servants, the white nurse and gardener, the father, mother, their 16-year-old son, 14-year-old daughter and the father's [illegible] Aunt Jane—has one thing in common: a yearning to leave the confines of the hill. If there is an exception to this, it is among the black servants who have become rooted in this family, where the quiet and steady pace and the protection they find in the place have become a haven from the insecurity of the surrounding world.

Father is a stiffly conventional, well-meaning, unimaginative citizen who cares for his wife in a kindly but passionless way while she, unacquainted with desire, accepts her easy life without any excitement beyond that of foreign travel. Aunt Jane is a suppressed, directionless, emotional rebel, given to sporadic outbursts of misbehavior—sex and drink—with the additional misfortune of having wasted an inheritance. No longer independent, she is a prisoner of the place. Her only salvation is to take upon herself the duties of a surrogate mother to her niece, Missy. In short, some escape to indecisive flights of freedom; the rest, in tempered grief or passive contentment, remain on the hill.

The picture is not new or in any way startling but there is an honest sensibility, an ear for true speech and a delicacy of sentiment that are refreshing amid the noisiness of canned dramatics typical among so many of our city-bound and stage-wise play makers. The atmosphere is not that of the confined theatrical hothouse but that of life lived by ordinary people, removed from the turbulence that provides most of the material for our usual theater. Modest and unemphatic, the beat of simple human aspiration and the pulses of hope still throb in this seemingly placid environment—impulses which not so long ago lay under the surface in the length and breadth of our land.

The play has been affectionately directed by Joan Vail Thorne and it is touchingly played by the entire cast, particularly so by Patricia Roe as Aunt Jane, who suffers from the physical and moral narrowness of the good old days.

At the Sanctuary Theatre at Greenwich House on Barrow Street, which is under the supervision of Rip Torn, two one-act plays by Murray Schisgal, *Walter* and *The Flatulist*, [illegible] presented on weekends (Thursday through Sunday) to uproariously tickled audiences.

Schisgal is given to zany home-grown humors (New York American)—variants of the absurdist vein. His plays often spill over into the kind of unbuttoned and sometimes disordered farce that found a proper balance in his early play, *Luv*. *Walter*, which takes place in a funeral parlor, is sufficiently funny; *The Flatulist* has a gamy spirit to which we willy-nilly abandon ourselves in an ecstasy of foolishness. Yet even in this, Schisgal hides the sting of satire and malice.

The Flatulist is brilliantly acted by David Margulies and Joseph Leon; they play it as though they were engaged in a piece of sober realism.

I am sorry to have seen Wallace Shawn's *Marie and Bruce* belatedly and thus not to have been in time to report on its best feature (Public Theater). It was a stylized scene of a cocktail party, very cleverly staged by Wilford Leach and cleverly performed by its large company. The play depicts the idiocy of such occasions with all their varieties of addlepatedness.

Creepily repetitious in the writing, the play dealt with a marriage in which the wife, exasperated to the point of obscene distaste by the sloppy mediocrity of her husband, nevertheless cannot separate herself from him because long connection and the absence of better elsewhere in their circle make her settle for his embrace. Lord save the mark, they love each other! Bob Balaban's reticent portrait of the husband was remarkably apt, even, at moments, affecting. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Art history is taking over Abstract Expressionism. The four-volume *catalogue raisonné* of Jackson Pollock published by Yale University Press records every piece of paper that he touched. The pile-up of objective knowledge is essential to our understanding, but it needs to be directed by a sense of the data's significance. The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum retrospective of Mark Rothko, for example, included early work for the sake of completeness, but the work is esthetically trivial. *Arts Magazine* regularly publishes lumps of dissertations on the period, data-rich but desperately in need of editing. Now there is "Barnett Newman: The Complete Drawings, 1944-1969," organized by the Baltimore Museum of Art and already shown in Detroit and Chicago. It is at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (until April 13), the last U.S. stop before the show travels to museums in Amsterdam, Paris, Cologne and Basel. We are at the point where the casual, patchy opinions of contemporary art critics yield to the systematic studies of art historians. This work is often salutary but it can lead to shrinking topics and frozen arguments. The Newman catalogue is scrupulously documented and very well illustrated, but its soundness is not matched by a convincing pattern of interpretation. Brenda Richardson's catalogue for Barnett Newman lacks the inarguable precision of her catalogue for the exhibition "Frank Stella: The Black Paintings" at Baltimore four years ago.

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Richardson quotes Newman to the effect that he achieved "a new way of seeing through drawing." It is true that he said this, but is it an accurate account of his practice? She assumes that it is, even subtitling her text "Drawing His Way into Painting," but it is not so simple. We can approach the problem via his painting. When Newman's "whole space" paintings, fields of a single color spanned by one or more thin vertical bands, were first shown, the bands were thought of as stripes or lines. However, they are close in color to the field and visually act as inflections of the picture plane viewed as a whole rather than as lines. To make this point, Newman painted several tall, thin canvases, a few inches wide and several feet tall: the "lines" were demonstrated to be planes of color. Each piece, despite the skinny format, is built with a stretcher and canvas so that the "lines" were, physically, paintings. Richardson gives a muddled account of the story that has Newman painting these works as lines, but what is the point of that?

The key document, which requires more skeptical attention than Richardson gives it, is an interview Newman gave Dorothy Gees Seckler in 1962. "I work with the whole space," he said, referring to his large undivided planes, but then unexpectedly added, "my drawing declares the space." (He meant drawing in his paintings, not only works on paper.) This reverses the argument of his thin paintings, and the question is why did he do it? Probably he wished to extricate himself from "field painting," which Clement Greenberg proposed as a general theory that grouped Newman with Clyfford Still and Mark Rothko, former colleagues of Newman's who were now his enemies. Greenberg discussed field painting in terms of "zones and areas and fields of color." By asserting drawing to be the basis of his art, Newman removed it from unwelcome company. Richardson is unmindful of the intensity of Newman's resistance to Greenberg and does not allow that his embrace of drawing may have had a polemical function. She knows the subject is complicated, she even quotes Newman as saying, "I did not use lines," but fails to resolve the problem, which lurks ambiguously throughout the text.

The practice of drawing was central to Abstract Expressionism in the late 1940s and early 1950s. Improvisatory line was the basic resource of Arshile Gorky's and Willem de Kooning's painting. In the case of Franz Kline and Robert Motherwell, the candor of drawing, its directional line and use of black and white, were magnified to the scale of painting. Newman's drawings were not like this: his best works have a closed, settled look, not an improvisatory promise. One group of his drawings in the late 1940s is usually interpreted as successive steps on the road leading to edge-to-edge, one-color paintings. We see a tapering line that crosses the page, a straight line that stops short of one edge, and finally a straight vertical that spans the whole surface, the basic means of Newman's highly unified style. These drawings do not have the tension of exploratory drawing. They are finished works marked by aplomb, presence and finesse rather than search.

Newman was not a copious artist and Richardson, taking her perspective from a close study of the drawings, describes his production of forty-nine drawings in three years as "a tremendous burst of exploratory energy." Is it really? Michelangelo painted the Sistine Chapel in two. It is customary for art historians to overestimate the importance of their corner, but this claim is absurd. Nonetheless, it is marvelous to see all the originals together. There is a group of early biomorphic drawings of the mid-1940s, with fluttery lines and pretty color, some of which have not been shown before. In several cases there are differing opinions on which way they should be hung, but Richardson's readings of which way is up seem convincing. After this colorful phase, Newman's work settles into its essentially planar mode—brush drawings in black ink—except for a couple of oils on paper that do not really belong here.

The drawings look austere but actually brim with "elegant variation": straight edges modified by a tremor, symmetries that do not quite coincide and a full hand of grainy or velvety blacks. Newman cultivated a sensuous awareness of the surface of his papers, whether defined by the wetness of a full brush or the parched deposit of a nearly dry one. The drawings can rarely be connected to specific paintings, but they are their graphic equivalent. They deal with the same nuanced "whole space" as the paintings, but constitute a contained, secondary realm. □

FOR MY FATHER LOOKING FOR MY UNCLE

The clues are everywhere.
Between the trees, small draughts that make the forest visible.
It takes forever to believe the dead are friendly.

We feel their unwillingness in the pines
motioning their needles in small reprimand.
In West Virginia they are marked with bouquets on the lawn;
at the end of each bouquet, a hand that can't let go
and each in his own drawer at once hidden and found.

My father buried his brother's ashes here in a jar
with a bottle of rye.
Later, he didn't want him drinking alone.
Where did you go? Fall,

the trees go elsewhere,
leaving behind, with us, the heavier plumage, unfit for travel
Look beneath the carpet of yellow leaves,
(beneath their skirts forever more skirts), or in
the fragments of the broken tea-cup still tasting of smoke.

Christmas, we opened the calendar windows, one
each day, until we believed there was another indoors,
assiduous, free, a small community, a dream with shutters.
Where did you go?

Jorie Graham

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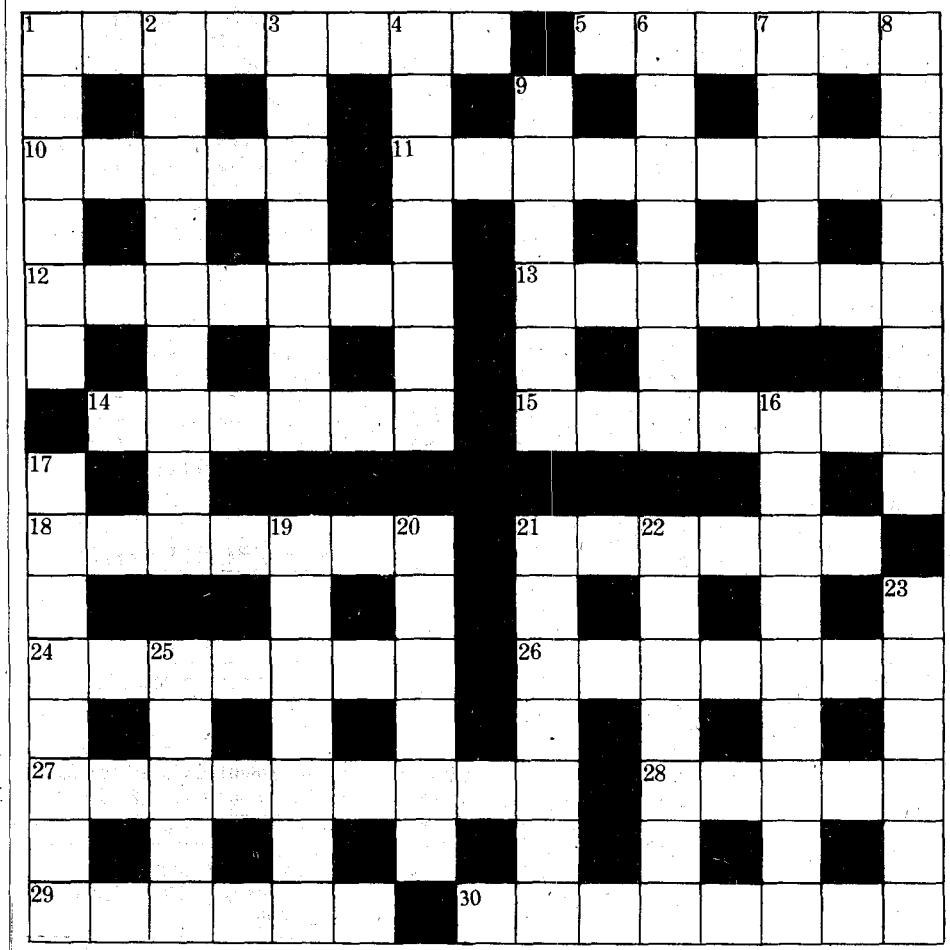
Crossword Puzzle No. 1815

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 Sounds entirely like a person who knows the ins and outs of instructions to the catcher. (8,6)
10 Fine old number with a sort of cult. (5)
11 Keep ends with a sort of tie clip about it, which is extremely shaky. (9)
12 This city has a lot of trouble with rain, too. (7)
13 Part of the trailing edge has one rail broken. (7)
14 In this might be an example of a two-foot position. (6)
15 Is the remainder not quite replete, but relaxing? (7)
18 Frequently goes to such places as Coney Island? (7)
21 It went wrong and faded away, being cleaned up. (6)
24 An old impolite dog? (7)
26 Taken out of the air, a use is made for a large mass of land. (7)
27 Breaded? (What some people will do before going to sleep!) (4,2,3)
28 Not fitted for mixing paint. (5)
29 Emblems of submission about a number of rustic types. (6)
30 Is such craft associated with an owl, being sort of eager to write about it. (3-5)

DOWN

1 and 17 Sometimes held by mates, being a very usual characteristic. (6,8)
2 Operates against a set limit of it. (9)
3 Where the pope lived just before the present, and was a candidate for election. (7)
4 One name incorrectly applied to either plant or animal. (7)
6 See 22 down
7 Part of alliterative measure. (5)
8 A little money in trust in the not so long ago. (8)
9 One hopes 13 doesn't fail here, with a faint lift to the tune. (3-3)
16 One wouldn't necessarily associate the Irish with the type not permitting slavery. (4,5)
17 See 1 down
19 Certainly not the first legal test of the convertible trailer. (7)
20 Described, in part, a copyist. (6)
21 People apply the foot to it, but read letters to make it obvious. (7)
22 and 6 down Making mild imprecations about the points for sewers and dragonflies. (7,7)
23 See 25
25 and 23 His was the 1 and 5 across. (5,6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1814

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Crocodile tears; 9 Offal; 10 Extractor; 11 Seed pearl; 12 Dante; 13 Rossi; 15 Dedicated; 18 Fan-dancer; 19 Swear; 20 Ratio; 22 Leitmotiv; 25 Narrating; 26 Swell; 27 and 28 Eliza Doolittle. DOWN 1 and 13 Cross reference; 2 Off-season; 3 Orlop; 4 Icelandic 5 Extol; 6 Tear ducts; 7 Afton; 8 and 24 Surrender value; 14 Inamorata; 16 Derring-do; 17 Treatment; 21 Tarsi; 22 Laird; 23 Masai.

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